

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor over Joseph's jewelry store, South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block, Dealer in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio. J. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. \$100,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President; C. Steese Cashier.

DRUGGISTS.

Z. T. BALZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House Massillon, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

D. R. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practitioner, Office, 55 North Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTURERS.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, etc.

MASONRY ROLLING MILL, Jos. Corns & Co. Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASONRY GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, etc.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO. Manufacturers of Bridges, Koofs and General Iron Structures.

GROCERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1832. Forwarding and Commission Merchants and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.

C. F. VON KANDEL, East Side Jewelry Store, 5 East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewels, and all kinds of Jewelry, 55 North Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

Traveler's Register

Trains leave and depart on Standard 12:30 minutes slower than City Time.

CLEVELAND, LORAIN & WHEELING	
SOUTH.	
No. 41 (goes to Baltimore)	6:20 a. m.
No. 35 (goes to Wheeling)	10:02 a. m.
No. 37 do do	10:02 a. m.
No. 39 (goes to Harrisburg)	7:50 p. m.
NORTH.	
No. 34	6:20 a. m.
No. 36	10:02 a. m.
No. 38	10:02 a. m.
No. 42 arrives at	7:30 p. m.
GOING TOWARD WHEELING.	
No. 1, Daily	7:30 a. m.
No. 7, Stops here	1:05 p. m.
No. 11, Sunday only	6:40 p. m.
No. 11, Sunday only	5:50 p. m.
GOING TOWARD TOLEDO.	
No. 4	7:30 a. m.
No. 6	12:30 p. m.
No. 1, Daily	12:30 p. m.
No. 12, Sunday only	10:30 a. m.

P. FT. W. & C.
East.
3:57 p. m.
7:41 a. m. to Enon 11:42 a. m.
12:30 p. m. to Wooster.
1:40 p. m. to Massillon.
8:53 p. m.
8:58 p. m.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS
Mt. Vernon & Panhandle Route at Orrville
SOUTH.
No. 25, Exp., 9:40 a. m. No. 2, Exp., 11:30 a. m.
No. 26, Exp., 4:30 p. m. No. 3, Exp., 5:35 p. m.
No. 27, Exp., 3:12 p. m. No. 4, Exp., 10:43 p. m.
No. 28, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 5, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 29, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 6, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 30, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 7, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 31, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 8, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 32, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 9, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 33, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 10, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 34, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 11, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 35, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 12, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 36, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 13, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 37, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 14, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 38, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 15, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 39, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 16, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 40, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 17, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 41, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 18, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 42, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 19, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
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No. 44, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 21, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
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No. 170, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 147, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
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No. 278, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 255, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 279, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 256, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 280, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 257, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 281, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 258, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 282, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 259, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 283, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 260, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 284, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 261, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 285, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 262, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 286, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 263, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 287, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 264, Exp., 7:20 a. m.
No. 288, Exp., 8:23 p. m. No. 265, Exp.,

IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD

WHEN THE MAILED WENT OVERLAND VIA PONY EXPRESS.

James Boiles, Late Marshal of Canal Fulton and his Stirling Adventures With the Indians as one of Those Hardy Rough Riders of the West.

The rapid increase in the population, and consequent growth of the commercial interests of California during the fifties, rendered the establishment of a more rapid means of communication between that section and the Atlantic States, than by steamer via the Isthmus of Panama, a matter of prime importance. To meet this want the "pony express" across the plains, the eastern terminal but a short distance west of the Mississippi river, was brought into being, whereby mail matter from San Francisco reached New York in less than half the time required by the steamer, and across the Isthmus. A hardy lot of men were those rough riders who rode from station to station across the plains, and an important part did they play in the civilization of the great West. Through summer's heat and winter's snows, liable at any time to be attacked by Indians, they rode their allotted distance at a pace that would astonish the riders of today, the one thing common in view being to get there. The writer was quite well acquainted with Mr. James Boiles, who for a long time was employed on the route, later on serving his country in the capacity of constable of Lawrence township, and marshal of our neighboring town Canal Fulton, and the story of one of his adventures may not be uninteresting to the readers of THE INDEPENDENT. Dropping his peculiar phrases he employed in telling it, and which add greatly to its interest, the tale was substantially as follows:

"I had two ponies that were as good as any that ever were saddled, and I could cover the fifty miles I had to ride daily in about five hours. I rode one pony and the other carried the mail sacks. When the pony I was riding got tired I changed with the sacks. When I reached the station the man who was to ride the next fifty miles (the distance between stations varied according to condition of trail) would be waiting for me, and as soon as I tossed him the sacks away he would go as fast as good horse flesh could carry him. The next day I would ride back over my route.

"Finally the Indians got ugly, and occasionally a rider failed to reach his station on time. The guards would ride out on the trail, find the mutilated body, pick up the contents of his sacks, scattered over acres of ground, and the next day a new man would start on that route. I had been chased two or three times, and one day carried into the station a couple of arrows that the redskins had shot into me, and they would probably have taken my scalp if the soldiers had not come out to meet me, having heard the shots from my revolver.

"The next time I started I was accompanied by a squad of twelve soldiers. They were armed with the Spencer carbine, one of the wickedest 'shooting irons' ever made, and the sergeant in command knew his business. We had only been out an hour or so when we saw a body of Indians, probably a hundred, some six or seven miles ahead, who were evidently looking for us. The sergeant ordered us to ride at a run for a little clump of timber, four or five miles to one side of the trail, and we did it. The Indians also rode for the same point, but we got there first and had time to make arrangements for a little surprise party on the redskins. Up to that time the old Springfield muzzle loaders had been in use, and the sergeant's remarks to his men were about like this: 'Every man get a stick as near like a ramrod as he can. The Indians will ride up close enough to draw our fire, and after shooting you are to go through the motions of reloading your pieces. When I give the order to fire again, keep blazing away at 'em.' His orders were carried out to the letter. The Indians rode up within a hundred yards and stopped; the soldiers stood in line, and at the word of command fired, the Indians at that moment hugging the sides of their ponies and being perfectly safe. Before the smoke had cleared away we could see the whole mob riding down on us, whooping and yelling as only Indians can, expecting to tomahawk the men who were apparently working with desperation to get another charge rammed down their rifles. That sergeant waited until he could see the whites of their eyes before he gave the order to fire, and the way those twelve carbines barked out, helped along by the two big navy revolvers I held, had a terribly depressing effect on them. The mighty effort those Indians had made to get to us was far surpassed by the one they made to get away from us. I don't know how many we killed or wounded, for, as usual, they carried all the disabled off with them, but from the number of ruderless ponies we saw there must have been a good many.

"It must have been their first experience with repeating rifles, and it scared them effectually, for I never saw them again on that route, which I continued to ride for months after.

"With the lines of the Union Pacific pushing forward from the east and west, the number of riders was constantly being reduced, and with the driving of the last spike of that great road, in 1869, the work of the 'pony express' was done."

A Great Chastening.

COLUMBUS, Nov. 11.—Ex-Speaker Reed has written as follows to the Governor:

DEAR MCKINLEY—Words seem rather inadequate to express to you our congratulations on the wonderful victory over all over the country. I

think that things in Ohio, but the we had prevented me from hoping even the result. I am glad, and you have reason

to be proud of your victory.

Yours truly, T. B. REED.

WINTER STORMS.

W. F. Foster Asks the Public to Follow His Predictions.

MR. EDITOR: For the purpose of testing planetary meteorology please publish the following:

More severe weather than usual will occur from November 24 to December 9, and immediately following this period a severe cold wave may be expected. Winter storm waves will cross the country about November 21 and December 1 and 6 January weather will be of unusual interest, and I will mail a chart giving a graphic forecast of temperature, rainfall and force of storms to those who send a stamped and addressed envelope.

I invite a comparison between my long range forecasts and those made only twenty-four hours in advance by the National Weather Bureau.

W. F. FOSTER,

Box 364, St. Joseph, Mo.

WEST SIDE CHURCH WORK

AN AUTHORITY STATEMENT FOR THE PEOPLE.

Pastor Keller Points Out the Need of Methodist Effort on the West Side—Only 2,500 Protestants in Massillon—Not the Enterprise of an Individual.

We think it now time to set before the people of Massillon a clear and correct statement of the plans and purposes of the new evangelistic movement on the West Side. There are various opinions prevalent. The only authoritative statements, however, have been made from the pulpit at our place of worship in Tremont street and in private conversation. This is the first authoritative communication to the press. We think it important that the people should clearly understand that this is not the enterprise of an individual, but a project of the Methodist Episcopal church, and that the pastor, who is now laboring in West Massillon, is here by appointment of the church.

Whether it be fortunate or unfortunate, the fact remains that the Ohio canal, as the boundary line between the East Ohio conference and the North Ohio conference, divides the city, so that some 4,000 people are left under the jurisdiction of the North Ohio. Until this year the North Ohio conference has been unable to do for this field what its growth and conditions demand, and conscious of its extreme need, the Methodist people of the East Side have, out of their love for Christ and the church, been doing for it all they could, being themselves burdened by building enterprises and urgent demands of the work at home. Other denominations, in answer to the crying need, have gloriously pioneered the gospel into West Massillon, and have done much for the cause of Christ. But I desire to speak more particularly in regard to what Methodism owes to this field.

The fact that West Massillon is in need of more church privileges and more attention than pastors now laboring here are able to give, need not be elaborated upon. Truly "the harvest is great but the laborers are few." In my pastoral work among the people during the past four weeks the extent of the field and the urgency of the need of christian work have assumed proportions far greater than my worst fears had pictured. My own heart has become burdened more and more as the vastness of the work has dawned upon me, and my hourly prayer to God is that the people might be saved.

If any christian looks upon these words, with incredulity, he need but spend a day in going from house to house to see them verified in his own eyes. It is a truth that cannot be disguised that Massillon needs a revival of religion—a universal turning from sin to Christ—and no part is in greater need than the West Side. If I am informed correctly a recent census gives only 2,000 as the total Protestant church membership in this city of 12,000, and from the fact that nearly all of the churches are on the East Side, it may be reasonably inferred that the larger percentage of these reside there. Now then, by whom is this work in West Massillon to be done, if not by the christian people who live here? How shall methodism do her part unless Methodists have their homes in West Massillon? Generate their energies to the home field? Our revival meetings have now been in progress for more than a week, and to careful observers, the interest already manifested is an evidence of what may be accomplished, if at this crisis, the Methodist people whose homes are here will rally unitedly to the support of this movement. Now that interest in religion is awakened, and the unsaved are coming to Christ, and hundreds still anxiously waiting for the gospel, can we be loyal to Christ and true to the mission of the church if we fail to respond to this Macedonian cry of the unsaved—our neighbors.

MILK KEISER,

Pastor, M. E. Church.

A Chance for Appleton.

The editor of the Doylestown Journal thus makes known his wants: "We'd like to have a barrel of apples if we can get them at a low enough price. They are scarce and high here, if any of our distant subscribers can procure them for us at a reasonable rate we would like them to write us."

The employees of the W. & L. E. road who have moved to this city state that the Massillon markets are much better than any they have elsewhere patronized.

The marriage of Charles Ertle, of West Brookfield, to Miss Mary Schilling, of Brush College, took place on Wednesday morning, in St. Clement's Catholic church.

To neglect yourself if troubled with any disease of the kidneys? No, it is dangerous; and if you are so afflicted attend to yourself now. Do not wait, but use Sulphur Bitters at once. They cured me when I was given up to die by several physicians.—Jonathan Ham, Boston.

STARK'S OFFICIAL VOTE.

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY LEADS NEAL BY 846 VOTES.

Prosecuting Attorney C. C. Bow has the Heaviest Plurality, and Representative Rowlen the Smallest—The Populists Give Their Candidate for Governor 718 Votes.

CANTON, Nov. 11, 2:45 p. m.—The official canvass of the vote of Stark county is finished, but the footings for the minor state officers, and Prohibition and Populist candidates for county offices are not yet completed. The figures, as far as ascertained at this hour, are as follows:

For Governor. Plurality.
Wm. McKimley, R., 10,318 846
Lawrence T. Neal, D., 9,472
Gideon P. Macklin, P., 501
Edward J. Bracken, P., 718

State Senator.

Harvey J. Eekley, R., 9967 624
Richard D. Williams, D., 9343
Wm. H. Smyth, P., 763

Representative.

John Thomas, R., 10,017 529
William H. Rowlen, R., 9596 108
Ben F. Veybrecht, D., 9498
Samuel Burgess, D., 9228

Probate Judge.

Henry A. Wise, R., 10,201 941
Otto E. Young, D., 9280

Prosecuting Attorney.

Charles C. Bow, R., 10,510 1447
Atlee Pomeroy, D., 9063

Treasurer.

Jacob Geib, R., 10,093 799
William Wagner, D., 9294

Sheriff.

Hiram Doll, R., 10,178 813
William A. Gentry, D., 9,365
Daniel A. Davis, P., 650

Commissioner.

John R. Poyser, R., 8,630 734
Patrick Scanlon, D., 8,896
Robert N. Taylor, Ind., 661

Infirmary Director.

Henry Bixler, R., 10,269 1305
Edward Sexauer, D., 8964

IT IS MORE SATISFACTORY.

THE ASYLUM TRUSTEES INSPECT THE FINISHED WORK.

Construction Proceeds Too Slowly to Suit Their Ideas—The Administration Building Foundation Only Four-Fifths Done—Next Year's Appropriation.

The trustees of the Massillon Asylum were in session Friday, for the double purpose of approving estimates and inspecting work already done. Mr. Mullins, of Salem, is the only absentee. The board will approve estimates amounting to about \$5,000. The inspection of the work gave the members very much more satisfaction than they have derived from previous examinations. Since the last meeting much of the faulty construction has been done over, and the work as it now stands, is what it should be. The storehouse foundation is now finished, and Collins & Co. expect to begin work on the power house next week.

Lomax & Stoyke have completed about four fifths of the administration building foundations, but are making very slow progress. In the judgement of the board they should be able to finish up this fall, but will not succeed in doing so until next spring.

The trustees figure now that the entire set of buildings can be erected for about \$700,000, and they would like to have them ready for occupancy throughout, in two years from this time. Whether this can be done, depends of course, upon the legislature. An appropriation of at least \$250,000 should be granted at the next session.

QUITE A LITTLE WRECK.

Eight Cars Off at the Main Street Crossing.

A disastrous wreck occurred at 11:50 o'clock Saturday at the crossing of the Wheeling & Lake Erie and Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling roads in this city. Coal train second and third No. 66 were making the grade as one train, assisted by a third engine, and as the first section reached the crossing a rail turned or spread under the center of the train, and eight loaded coal cars were derailed. Four of the ill fated cars followed the O., L. & W. track, tearing up ties and rails, and the target was completely demoralized. The other cars played havoc with the W. & L. E. tracks and plowed great furrows in the road.

The wrecked cars were not damaged to any great extent, only the trucks being knocked out from under several. The greatest expense will be the delay to traffic, on both the W. & L. E. and O., L. & W. roads, until the cars can be cleared and repaired. The caboose at the end of the first train was jammed against the engine of the second section and freed of its trucks.

The section men were repairing the track near the crossing and had weakened the track at that point by withdrawing several spikes, thus allowing the track to spread as the train passed.

The street cars on West Main street were prevented from running for several hours and the street was blocked for the same length of time. The wreck trains are working hard to replace the cars upon the track, but it was necessary to unload the car which was thrown directly across the O., L. & W. main track. None of the train crew were injured.

The W. & L. E. and O., L. & W. tracks were cleared at 2 o'clock this afternoon, and the track temporarily repaired so that trains could pass. Only two cars were completely disabled.

JAMES NEAL'S DEATH.

The Earthly Career of a Christian Man Occurs.

James Neal died at his home, in North High street, last Thursday morning. Mr. Neal, who has enjoyed remarkably good health during all his life, was taken ill on the first day of last January but recovered and was able to be at his office until five weeks ago, when he succumbed to an attack

of heart trouble.

The date of Mr. Neal's birth was November 13, 1811, and his birthplace was Easton, Talbot county, Md. He was of Scotch-Welsh parentage and his parents were members of the Friends society. At the age of 17 he went to Philadelphia and engaged in the manufacture of iron goods. In 1864 he came to Massillon and became a coal operator, and has been associated ever since with the coal business of the city. There being no Methodist church of the denomination to which Mr. Neal belonged in the city, he united with the Presbyterian congregation soon after his arrival in Massillon, and was at once made an elder in the church. In this office he continued until his death, at which time he was the oldest elder in the church, and it is believed was also the oldest member.

He was married in Philadelphia, on the third day of November, 1841, to Miss Rachel Ann Keeler, and to them were born three children, namely the Misses Fannie and Josephine Neal, and Helen Kirkland, wife of Dr. W. H. Kirkland.

So simple was the life of Mr. Neal, that an extended obituary would seem out of place. He was a quiet man who though interested for many years in active business, sought no distinction or recognition in public life. He lived to be good and to do good, an earnest and consistent Christian who loved his church, his family and his home. Such men it is who gain the love and respect of others, and whose memory is revered when they are gone.

HE DID NOT WANT TO TELL.

CONGRESSMAN KIRK ON THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

The Floating Vote Did It—He Says That Congress Will Work on Anyhow and Give us a Constitutional Tariff Without Any Protection in It.

EAST LIVERPOOL, Nov. 11.—Congressman G. P. Kirk was seen this morning by a representative of the Crisis. He did not desire to talk about the election at all. The causes which led to the catastrophe were numerous, and he would rather not be quoted. "If you ask what did it, any politician in the country will tell you it was the infamous floating vote which we now have in our country—a vote which is not firmly anchored to any superior principle, but which fluctuates with every breeze—was in the main responsible. This is the class of voters which look only at the surface and does not attempt to go deeper." In response to a request for the doctor's opinion on the effect of the election upon congress in its dealings with the tariff, the doctor replied: "It would be foolish for me to attempt to speak on that. There is an abundance of speculation on that point. But these people who think Ohio runs the congress of the United States, and who predict that the nation's legislators will be thrown into a complete panic by these elections, are very liable to be disappointed. Let them wait and see."

SALEM COMES TO GRIEF.

A fair sized audience saw the Massillon high school foot ball eleven defeat the eleven from the Salem high school by the score of 16 to 6 in a well played game at Russell park on Saturday afternoon. This was the first regular game that the local high school team has played this season, and they won a well earned victory. While they are yet comparatively young in years as well as in experience on the foot ball field, they have the making of good foot ball players, for they thoroughly understand the game and all of its various points, and with steady practice will have a team that will be hard to defeat by teams of their own and even heavier weight. When the two teams lined up for play it was at once discovered that the boys from the neighboring city were much larger and heavier than the local boys, but in a very few minutes after the contest began it was evident that while the Massillon boys lacked in strength and weight they more than excelled their pucky opponents in science and skill.

The local team's victory was largely due to their good team work and the excellent interference for their runners when they had the ball in their possession and were heading for the coveted goal of their opponents. Their best gains were made by runs around the ends, while they could not make any material gains by bucking the enemy's line which was too heavy for them to break through.

The Salem team soon demonstrated to the onlookers that they were inferior to the home team, as they could not make any large gains by sending their backs around the ends of the Massillon line, for they were soon brought to earth by the excellent tackling of Captain Young's men, but they did succeed in gaining lots of ground by bucking their opponents' line, as their superior strength and weight were too much for the home eleven to overcome.

The best features of the local team's playing were Roberts' fine tackles and end runs for large gains, Captain Young's good all around work, Emery's tackling and timely interference and Hilton's punting, tackling and runs, while the work of the balance of the eleven was good and showed that each player put his whole heart and soul in his efforts to help win the game.

The teams lined up as follows:

M. H. S. S. H. S.

Stone, left end, Woodroff

Garigues, left tackle, Meyerhoff

Goff, left guard, Oldham

Janis, center, Bullard

Brook, right guard, Older

Yost, right tackle, Southworth

Edwards, right end, French

Emery, quarter back, McCarty

Capt. Young, left half back, Wilson

Roberts, right half back, Kirby

Hilton, full back, Kirkbride

Stout, center, Kirkbride

Touchdowns, Roberts, Young, Hilton

1. Kirkbride

Goal, Roberts, Dunn

Failed goals, Poreck

Referee, Walter McLain and Mr. Gee.

Perrin's cape driving gloves.

Spangler & Co.

WASHINGTON WIVES.

WOMEN WHO GRACE SOCIAL LIFE AT THE CAPITAL.

Life Partners of New Congressmen—Charming and Accomplished Ladies From All Over the Country—Interesting Personal Sketches—A Variety of Tastes.

(Copyright, 1884, by American Press Association.)

A charming and accomplished young woman is Mrs. Baldwin, wife of Hon. Melvin R. Baldwin, the new member from the Sixth Minnesota district. She was Miss Janet Runkle, born in Wisconsin. She went, when a small child, to McGregor, Ia., where her girlhood days were passed, except those spent at St. Joseph's academy, St. Paul. She was married soon after leaving school and has lived since in Minnesota, with the exception of several winters spent in the south. She speaks French and German well, has decided dramatic talent, having appeared frequently to great advantage in amateur theatricals, and is a very clever and artistic needlewoman. Mrs. Baldwin is a tall, well rounded, has very light brown hair, blue gray eyes, fair complexion and a pleasant smile which reveals white and regular teeth. She has two pretty little children and three charming stepdaughters.

Another interesting Texas woman is the wife of Hon. George C. Pendleton of U. S. S. She is Miss Helen Embree, born in Kentucky, where her ancestors on both sides were early settlers. Her parents removed to Texas when she was 2 years old, and there she grew up, married and has lived most of the time since. She is a tall, slight, rather delicate looking woman, with dark hair and eyes, and very quiet and retiring. She has four daughters and a son.

When a man comes from Salt Lake it is taken for granted that he is a Mormon, and the question is asked, "Where are the rest of his wives?" The new representative from Utah, Judge Joseph L. Rawlins, is not a Mormon, and has only one wife, a black haired and brown eyed little woman, who was Miss Julia A. Davis. She was born in Wales, and came to this country, when a little child, with her parents. Mrs. Rawlins is rather quiet and domestic, devoted to her family. She has three girls and two boys, all under 11 years of age.

Washington. JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

Twine Ball Holder.

The net which incloses the twine ball is made of coarse crocheting silk of some brilliant tint and is crocheted in a loop of stitch of shells or loops, so that the contrasting color of the cord within is revealed. The covering is fitted to the ball at the top, while at the bottom No. 1 ribbon is used as a drawing string to gather it into shape, and the end of the cord is left to hang through. By thus having the opening for the admission of

the ball at the bottom, a new one may be inserted when the first one gives out. The top is ornamented with a bow of wider ribbon, which is also used to form a loop for suspending the article. A pair of scissors of the smallest size is attached to a piece of the ribbon, the other end of which is secured under the bow at the top.

Decorations of Disorder?

Everybody has laughed at the story of the little girl who asked her mother if she was dusting the piano or playing. A parallel uncertainty might assail the stranger on his first view of the inside of many a house—the general effect the result of a scheme of ornament or is it caused by the temporary chaos of house cleaning time? The arrangement of our houses lacks repose. There is too much "noise," as an artist would express it. Howells coined an excellent term to designate the heterogeneous objects which through our floors, tables and every inch of available space when he called them "gimcrackery," and did the world a service when he set his insinuating influence to work in the direction of their abolition.

It would be worth while for every woman to be for a time as awkward and unadaptable as a man if thereby she could learn his detestation of tidies, ubiquitous ribbon bows, wisps of muslin, inflammable paper inventions, "hand painted" shells and glass panels and similar articles that a glance discloses and a touch destroys. Beautiful bric-a-brac securely placed is a charming adjunct to any room, but there are houses that one cannot enter without feeling and appearing a duplicate of Dickens' Mrs. Pumblechook, whose mere presence upset every inanimate object in her neighborhood.

In contrast, the bareness of a convent cell would be refreshing to the eye and nerves. There is a popular fallacy that to collect and construct immovable cheap and useless trifles—gilded cornucopias, pasteboard banjos and tambourines, bottles with colored paper bands and ribbon neckties, and such like dust traps—implies a domestic taste and is the surest way to "make home pleasant." But it is a curious temperament that finds any place attractive where the slightest unguarded movement is sure to result in the destruction of various brittle treasures and consequent disturbance of harmony, and where pitfalls and mantraps of the most swear producing kind lurk at every step. Why would it not be a good idea to import a few Japanese missionaries to teach us the ethics of artistic and reposeful decoration? The field for their labor is white to harvest, and they would meet with the gratitude of most men and some women.

KATE CHASE.

Another slight, delicate looking woman is Mrs. McDermott, wife of Representative J. C. McDermott of Trenton, Tenn. She is a native of that state and was before her marriage Miss Rachel Theodora McCulloch. She is tall, has hazel eyes, dark hair sprinkled with gray and a pale but expressive countenance and pleasant manner.

The wife of Judge Thomas M. Paschal of Castrovilla, Tex., was Miss Florida A. Mayes, born at Memphis and brought up at San Antonio, Tex., to which place her parents removed when she was a small child. She is a trifle below medium height, rather plump and has light brown hair and gray eyes.

That in which she takes the most interest, after her husband, is the cultivation of flowers and fruit. "Lake Grove," the Paschal home near Castrovilla, has several acres of ground beautifully laid out and under a fine state of cultivation. There are flowers of all kinds, hundreds of roses, one of the finest collections of cacti in the whole country; the greatest imaginable variety of fruit and other trees, and vegetables of all sorts, all produced under the watchful and loving care of the mistress of this paradise, where she spends most of the year.

Mrs. Joseph C. Hutchison of Houston was Miss Bettie Palmer, born in the picturesque old town which is still her home. Her father, Judge E. A. Palmer, was a Virginian of good old Revolutionary stock, as was also her mother, whose grandfather, General Gourant, was prominent in the war for freedom. Mrs. Hutchison is tall and well rounded; has very light brown hair, blue gray eyes, fair complexion and a pleasant smile which reveals white and regular teeth. She has two pretty little children and three charming stepdaughters.

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[CONTINUED.]

The young woman flushed again with indignation at this question. However, as the shopwalker still hovered near, she was constrained to answer me, and in this way I got all that was requisite for indoor wear.

"I think that is everything," said Miss Hopkins, looking at the pile of things I had bought.

"Hold on," said I. "What do you wear outside when you're walking?"

"I wear a sealskin jacket," she replied, with a little dignity in her voice.

"Let's have a look at it," I said.

The stately shopwalker himself fetched me a jacket.

"This is the only one we have in stock that will fit you," he said, laying it down tenderly before me.

I looked at and touched the beautiful and silent delight.

"The price," said the shopwalker with slight hesitation, "is 15 guineas, which includes a toque to match."

"Give me a like at the toque," said I in doubt. But the small fur cap ravished me; the name itself showed that it could never have been worn in Shadwell.

"We could say 15 pounds for the jacket and toque," said the shopwalker as these reflections passed through my mind.

"It ain't what you'd call cheap, is it?" said I.

"Pardon me, madam, it is very cheap indeed."

"Then I won't have it," said I firmly, but with an inner sigh of disappointment.

However, on the shopwalker explaining that he had employed the term relatively, that no better fur could be bought in London, and that the "article" was fit for a duchess to wear, I altered my decision and told him "I'd have it and chance it."

Some gloves and other things suggested by Miss Hopkins, who became quite amiable in the end, completed my purchases, and as they amounted to a great deal more than Taras' purse contained it was arranged that they should be sent home with a bill.

"You said 'em on sharp,' 'cause I wants to put 'em on," said I, and then after getting some information from Miss Hopkins with respect to the kind of floss she wore and where she bought them—a shop, the very best in London, she assured me, and only just across the river, I went off to finish shopping, with a fluttering sense of exultation which had no bitter-sweet present of myself to my imagination in the wildest dream of happiness.

This mental excitement sharpened my wits wonderfully. I felt I had the key to the mystery of that new life which had so perplexed me at first in finding out what distinguished the better class of people from those among whom I had lived and adopted their peculiar ways. To be good and nice I must imitate Taras and Miss Hopkins. I had noticed that this young lady's hands and nails were very clean, that her hair was carefully arranged and also that she walked with an elastic and nimble step and an upright carriage, very different from my shuffling gait and slovenly bearing. So I lifted my feet from the ground, straightened my back and stepped out briskly for Lambeth with my parcel of boots under my arm and my imagination teeming with hopeful ideas.

Mere Lucas opened the door and taking me upstairs showed me a room which she made me understand was to be mine. Then laying her hand on my arm, carefully mousing her words and speaking in a loud voice that I might better understand her, she made me a little speech, beginning with, "Que je vous dise, ma pauvre petite man."

And a phrase which I remember also because of its fondness for me, I found ending with a hearty "good-bye" and that I failed altogether to make anything out of it. This laugh, however, she checked suddenly with the recollection of my pitiable condition, and giving me a pat on the cheek she wound up with a tender "pauvre chérie, va!" and left me to myself.

It was a pleasant room, with two windows looking out onto the river, plainly furnished, but with a delightfully fresh and wholesome look about it, due perhaps to the brightness of the lightness and cleanliness of everything. Taras had given it up to me, removing the things he needed, to the garret overhead while I was out spending his money. The only thing he had overlooked was a revolver hanging on the wall over the head of the bedstead. With eager delight I unpacked the things and spread them out to advantage. Then, impelled by an intense feeling of gratitude, I rushed down stairs to fetch Taras what he might share my joy in looking at them. He was not in.

CHAPTER X.

I AM INTRODUCED TO KAVANAGH.

I needed to try my room with the estate pleasure before trying on everything and preparing a great surprise for Taras. In this delicious occupation I spent two hours, and the time was not a minute too long for my requirements. There were unforeseen difficulties to overcome. Some of the garments and the method of fastening them were as strange to me as they would have been to a savage. My hands would not be come white like Miss Hopkins', and the more I scrubbed them the redder they seemed to grow, and when I came to dressing my hair I thought I never should succeed in making it presentable. It was so rebellious through having had its own way all my life that no amount of brushing would make it lie flat and smooth. However, the brushing made it very lustrous, and I contrived at last to fasten it up in loose curls on my head with the tortoise shell pins Miss Hopkins had advised me to buy. The choice of dress gave me less trouble; that pink silk tea gown was too lovely to be set aside.

I had only just got the fastenings right when I heard the street door shut and the sonorous voice of Taras calling to Mere Lucas below. I lit the lamp that stood on the table, and with doubt and hope palpating in my heart looked in the glass. I could scarcely believe that the reflection I saw there was my own. To be sure, I was unused to the luxury of mirrors, and now for the first time perhaps looked at myself with interest; still I had seen my face often enough to believe that all the beauties I drew from the maidens with of Fairyland were overrated. But now, as I gazed in the glass, I was almost frightened by the change made in my appearance by a beautiful dress, the care I had bestowed upon my hair and still more by the expression of

ing ludicrous in my appearance, nothing

sauntering in my walking beside a well

suited gentleman. I appeared to be his

equal.

Taras himself seemed pleased to have a

companion to talk to—not that I said much,

for I was unused to taking any part in con-

versation; my powers of forming ideas and

expressing them were wholly undeveloped,

and my chief anxiety was to hold myself

back like Miss Hopkins and to find a

gait which was neither shuffling nor jerky.

He knew my inability to talk, and so kept

up an easy running chat which called for

nothing beyond "yes" or "no" on my part.

I remember he told me the history of Mere

Lucas' life—how years ago she had started

with her husband in besieged Paris, when

even the rich could not get food, how she

had fought beside him on the barriers,

where he was killed; how she herself nar-

rowly escaped being shot with other com-

munists only to be transported to an island

thousands of miles from her country and

friends, and how, on her return to Paris,

she found her children dead and not a friend

to help her.

She don't look like as if she'd gone

through all that," said I.

"No time brings forgetfulness, thank

God!" he replied. But it struck me even

then that the old woman owed more to his

humanity than to time.

A gentleman stood with his hand on the

knocker as we reached our door.

"Come in. I am glad to see you," said

Taras, opening the door with his key, and

then, as we entered the living room, he in-

troduced us in the simplest manner.

"Barry Kavanagh—Anna."

He was a handsome man—handsomer

than Taras in some respects, but of a differ-

ent type. He was slimmer, more delicately

molded, with long, perfectly regular

features, a dark skin, black hair and mus-

tache and the loveliest soft, sleepy eyes of

deep brown. He was 10 years older than

Taras, but he looked still more, lacking

that expansive simplicity which gave youth

to my friend's face. Their dress alone dis-

tinguished the different character of the

two. Taras in his, a velvet waistcoat, a

flannel shirt and soft, loosely tied neck-

erchief, looked like a worker. Kavanagh's

tight fitting dark coat, right collar and

scarf and perfect gloves gave him the air

of a well-to-do idler—a man of the world

and society.

He inclined his head to me with serious

courtesy and a certain homage in his re-

gard which every friend of Taras com-

mended from those who knew him. I did

not even need to reply, but setting my hands

behind me leaned against the wall and

looked at him with a few, very ill con-

cealed dislike, the warmth with which

Taras greeted him having aroused the first

hostile sense of jealousy in my breast.

The two men spoke lightly on general

topics, while Taras brought out cigars and

a spirit case. Kavanagh, with studious po-

liteness, framing his phrases to include me

and inviting me by an occasional glance to

join in the conversation, but I looked against

the wall in constancy and stared at him

under my bent brows for response. At length Taras, perceiving that his visitor

remained standing, said to me with a

laugh: "Barry Kavanagh will never sit down

while you stand, Anna."

"Garn aw!" I said in a husky, guttural

tone of disgust. "What 'olds in?' He ain't

bliged for to stand 'cause I chooset to, is he?"

That pretty little speech coming from the

lips of an elegantly dressed young lady, the

friend of Taras, must have given Kava-

nagh quite a shock, and indeed, despite the

self command of good breeding, a flash of

astonishment did pass over his face.

Without waiting to hear out his rejoinder,

I jerked myself into an upright posture,

slowly walked out of the room and

slammed the door to behind me.

CHAPTER XI.

KAVANAGH.

A hushed knock from the room I had

quitted reached my ear, and caused me to

stop at the foot of the stairs. The suspicion

that I was the object of meretricious stare

my newly awakened pride, jealous already

of Kavanagh's influence and attributing to

him the same feeling of animosity that

rankled in my heart, I conceived that he

would take advantage of my absence to

make Taras hate me. A growing desire to

hear what he would say against me, and

that he would stand up for me or

yield to his friend, impelled me to steal back

to the door, where I put my ear to the key-

hole.

Kavanagh was speaking in a low, music-

ally running tone.

"That's the worst of equality when it's

practiced by a thorough-going man like

you. One never knows what to expect and

may get a double life like this at any moment.

One day you introduce me to a man with

an insignificant name and the look of a

broken-down tradesman, and I find later

that he's a great duke, and now—thanks,

I'll help myself if I may."

"And now what do you take this friend to

be?" Taras asked in a tone of amusement.

"I took her to be an illustrious refugee at

the least. A princess, possibly, by her

dress, distinctive style and a distinctly aris-

tocratic cut of features—probably an ex-

ceptionally learned princess. There was

the eccentricity of genius in her silence, the

sans give with which she reclined against

the wall and stared at me to say nothing

of the decidedly unamiable expression in

her eyes, and the way she held her head."

"I don't know," said I. "I would have

laid ten to one on anything that she was an

illustrious refugee—before she opened her

lips."

"Then you altered your opinion?"

"Well, yes."

There was a pause. And here I may ob-

serve that in giving this dialogue and others

I write many words which were not

then in my vocabulary, and it must be un-

derstood that I give but a very free trans-

lation of certain well remembered impres-

sions.

By the way," added Kavanagh, "I hope

I was not indiscreet in accepting your vi-

sitation."

"I should not have asked you to come in

if I had not wanted to have a chat with

you; something more than a chat—a serious

talk. I should have hunted you up to-

morrow for this very purpose."

"You have the pleasantest way of mak-

ing a man feel welcome. What is the sub-

ject?"

"The girl who has just left the room. In

the first place, Barry Kavanagh, there must

be no misconception with regard to her po-

sition."

"My dear fellow, no one whose opinion is

worth consideration would ever dream of

doubting your honor or the honesty of your

relations with this young woman."

"That idea never entered my imagination.

It is quite another kind of misconception

that I wish to avoid. Come, you are one

whose opinion is worth consideration. Tell

me candidly what conclusion you have

formed with regard to her in place of the

illustrious refugee theory."

"I should say that she is some unhappy

girl, who, when she has recovered from the

slight of her husband and the shame of her

slavery, with an object as willfully imprac-

table as she is profoundly charitable."

"That is the only conception that I feared,"

said Taras in a low, earnest voice, con-

trasting strongly with the light tone of his

friend. "I want you to understand that

the girl owes nothing to any sentiment of

charity on my part in order that no chance

word or accidental look may convey such a

suspicion to her mind. If I leave her all

I possess in the world, down to the last

farthing, it would not repay what I owe

her. But for the daring, the bravery and

the endurance of that slight, frail looking

girl I might now be on the road to Siberia."

"Good heavens! I have not heard a word

of this."

"It has all happened since I saw you last.

I told you the police would not let me

alone, and they have not. They laid a trap

for me, and I walked into it with the sim-

plicity of a woman, mainly, I think, be-

cause the agent employed to take me re-

sented himself to be an ex-courier and

looked the character so perfectly that I

never suspected him of being something

worse. Usually, you know, the police

agent looks impeccable. They got me down

in a cellar, bound hand and foot and gagged.

I could not get my hands free, but I worked

the cord off my feet and ate through my

gag. There was a pipe in the cellar, and

through that I communicated with the girl

whose voice I heard overhead. At the risk

of her life she contrived to get herself into

the cellar and me out of it. A vessel—from

which I had been led to believe that three

refugees were to be rescued—lay in the pool

waiting for me, and most likely I was to

have been carried aboard and shipped off to

St. Petersburg the very night that this

brave girl saved me."

"Thank God you escaped! Give me your

hand, old man. To think that I might

have found this room empty—that I might

never have smoked another pipe with you!"

"You can understand now my feeling to-

ward that girl."

afflicted. I believe he is as candid a man as I ever met. His medicines did just as he said they would and I rejoice to hear again.

HERMON SBOERKE,
No. 40 Gauge St.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Discovered this week by independent investigators.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Miller, in West Oak street, a daughter, Jona Lutz is again able to be about, after a severe case of typhoid fever.

Mrs. V. S. Brown has returned from Sippo, where she was visiting friends.

Miss Lillian Kaley has returned from an extended visit in Akron and Cleveland.

It is figured out that 6,000 World's Fair excursion tickets were sold from Canton.

Salem is still at issue with the Pennsylvania Company, with no prospect of settlement.

Mrs. Clarence Kaley and son Warren, of Cleveland, are visiting relatives in the city.

Five conversions were made by the Salvation Army at their meetings during last week.

The Episcopal Mite society will meet at the home of Mrs. C. F. Porter on Friday evening.

Mrs. J. P. Nagle, of Toledo, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Morgan, in Wooster street.

Frederick Heppert, of Duluth, Minnesota, is the guest of Mrs. Michael Klester, in East Main street.

A change of time is being arranged for the Ft. Wayne road, which will go into effect Sunday, Nov. 19.

Quite a number of local Democrats are eager to serve Collector L. P. Ohliger in subordinate capacities.

Twenty-five more men were employed by the W. & L. E. Company today, to work in the new yards in this city.

There are now 112 electric street lights contracted for by the city. When electric lighting was first adopted only seventy were in use.

The marriage of Andrew Schmitt and Anna Hoffman will take place at 8 o'clock, Thursday morning, at St. Mary's Catholic church.

John Feigenbach and John Weller, who are on a hunting expedition, expressed a twenty pound wild turkey last night to Sam Rollins.

The first assessment on the East Main street pavement is due November 30. Notices will be sent out somewhat in advance by the city clerk.

John G. Arthur, of Pittsburg, assistant superintendent of the Pullman Palace Car Company, is spending the day with his brother, O. B. Arthur, and family.

Minnie Domro, the 14 year old daughter of Louis Domro, near Millport, died Sunday morning, and was buried from St. Paul's Lutheran church Tuesday at 2 p. m.

Mrs. Eva M. Yockheimer, aged 70 years, living west of the city, died Monday at noon, and was buried from St. Paul's Lutheran church, Wednesday, at 2 p. m.

Captain K. B. Crawford will be re-elected assistant sergeant at arms of the state senate, this winter, as usual.

Captain Crawford is about as indispensable as Col. Fred Blankner.

Peter Chance, of Canton, was the last man not a Democrat to occupy the sheriff's office. Hiram Doll will be the first Republican sheriff to occupy the present sheriff's residence.

The movement toward the establishment by the Christian Endeavor Society of the United Brethren church of a mission Sunday school on Richville hill is assuming definite shape, and details of the plan will be published soon.

The Sunday school room in the new Methodist church building is approaching completion, and the frescoers and decorators expect to have their work finished so that services can be held on or before Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Rev. Wm. H. Shults and her little daughter Mabel went to Delaware, O., last Saturday, to attend the funeral of a nephew, on Sunday. They will visit relatives and friends there for a few days before returning.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, of the Presbyterian church, will hold an old fashioned, hard time social in the chapel on Friday evening. Every one is cordially invited to be present in an old fashioned or hard time costume.

It need surprise no one should Sheriff-elect Hiram Doll select Adam Wendling, of Massillon, for one of his deputies. Mr. Wendling served in the army and suffered with the Union martyrs at Andersonville. The appointment, if made, will be conspicuously good.

The new gas now in use is much more penetrating than the old, and wherever defective pipe fittings exist, makes its presence known. The old gas formed a deposit in the pipes, and this covered up small escape holes. The Light, Heat and Power Company expects now to be able to locate several big leaks which have hitherto eluded them, where by it is thought they lost 100,000 cubic feet of gas each month.

Huron this week had the honor of entertaining the largest vessel on fresh water, the craft bearing the distinction being named the S. S. Curry. The steamer arrived here last Saturday night and loaded with a partial cargo of coal for Duluth, taking 170 carloads. The steamer is 378 feet long, 45 feet beam, and 2,602 net tonnage. Her largest cargo—the largest cargo ever loaded into a lake vessel—consisted of 4,700 tons of iron ore, or equivalent to 235 carloads.—Huron Reporter.

L. D. Lindsley, chief dispatcher of the W. & L. E. road, in this city, tendered his resignation today, to take effect on the first day of December. Mr. Lindsley has been with the W. & L. E. Company for a number of years, is held in the highest esteem by all officials, and is one of the most popular men in the entire service. Of late Mr. Lindsley's health has been failing, and in order to spend the winter in his home, in Texas, he resigned. His loss to the road and his friends will be keenly felt, and all are in hopes that he may return, improved in health.

A NEW KIND OF GAS

The Revolution at the Gas Works Effected Last Week.

Consumers of gas noticed last week that the light had suddenly become whiter and that when burners were turned on full, a peculiar blowing sound was heard. This was in consequence of the use of the new process for the manufacture of gas for which preparations have been going on for months. The new holder is not yet completed, and the old one is still being utilized. The new gas is produced by injecting naphtha and steam together on inconceivable bricks. Manager McLain says that the cost of manufacture is not substantially less than under the old process, but the change enables the company to deliver an illuminant considerably cleaner, whiter and of 22 candle power as against 18 candle power under the old process. The new gas is somewhat lighter, and gives out a better flame. The same process is in use in Terre Haute, Ind., Deater Ill., Hamilton and Dayton, O.

As previously announced, the company will reduce the price on the first of January. What that reduction will be has not been definitely determined. The new price will not, however, exceed \$1.25 per thousand feet.

A HORRIBLE MURDER

GREAT EXCITEMENT PREVAILS A ALLIANCE.

Curt Davidson Commits a Shocking Assault Upon Miss Birdie Baugh, Murders Her and Then Cuts His Own Throat—He May Be Lynched.

ALLIANCE, Nov. 15.—Curt Davidson, a farm hand employed by C. C. Baugh, just west of Alliance, came home last evening and found Miss Birdie, the 18-year-old daughter of his employer alone. Her parents were away and other members of the household had retired. Davidson beat her into unconsciousness with a poker, then outraged her. Next he cut her throat, and carrying the body to the barn and repeated the assault. He then cut his own throat but will probably recover. He may be lynched as great excitement prevails.

REVIEW.

The parents of the girl are well to do people and left only a few days ago for a visit in Pennsylvania. Three little brothers of the girl were with her in the house last night. She retired some time after they went to sleep and at about 3 o'clock one of them awoke and not finding her in her room instituted a search with the above mentioned ghastly result. Davidson's room was in a building separate from the house. The bough home is one and a half miles from the city.

It seems a miracle that the murderer is still alive. His throat is horribly cut from ear to ear, the wind-pipe being completely severed. He is, of course, unable to make any statement, and the only theory for his crime is that it is spite work.

THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH

An Authoritative Article on the Vaccination Question.

The monthly Sanitary Record, the official publication of the state board of health, makes the following announcement concerning the vaccination of school children: "The laws of Ohio require all children between the ages of 8 and 14 years, unless it appears either that the bodily or mental condition of the child does not permit of its attendance at school or that the child is being properly instructed at home, to attend some public, private or parochial school. An act of March 14, 1893, authorizes the state board of health to make special or standing orders or regulations for the prevention of contagious or infectious diseases. A penalty not exceeding \$100 or imprisonment not exceeding sixty days, or both, is provided for violation of this order. It is made the duty of the local health authorities, and of every county, city or township thereof, to enforce the orders of the state board of health. This would include boards of education.

"Provision is made for free vaccination of school children whose parents or guardians are unable to pay for the same.

"Section 3986 of the revised statutes provides that boards of health and councils of municipal corporations, and the trustees of townships, shall, on application of the board of education of the district, provide at the public expense, without delay, the means of vaccination to such pupils as are not provided herewith by their parents or guardians.

"Section 2135, as amended March 14, 1893, also provides that the board of health may take measures and supply agents and afford inducements and facilities for gratuitous vaccination."

It will be noted from the following, that it is the duty of parents, guardians or other persons in charge of school children, to have them vaccinated.

"That it is the duty of boards of education, school officers and teachers, to exclude those who have not been vaccinated. That upon failure to exclude unvaccinated children, the board of the local health authorities to institute proceedings against the superintendent of schools, or other proper person or persons for violation of the order of the state board. That it is the duty of the parent, guardian, or other person, having control of any school child, to have it vaccinated, to institute proceedings against such parent, guardian or other person, for failure to send the child to school.

"Boards of education or health boards in most of our large cities and in many of the smaller towns, have for years required the vaccination of school children, and the vaccination order of the state board of health was adopted so that the same requirement would be made throughout the state."

A MONSTROUS CONSPIRACY

THE DISMISSAL OF THE CASE AGAINST F. HOOKWAY.

Documentary Evidence Tending to Prove That Lena Mauger and O. D. Miller Set Up a Plot to Compel Mr. Hookway to Pay Over to Them a Large Sum of Money.

CANTON, Nov. 15.—As foreshadowed several weeks ago, when the paternity case instituted by Lena Mauger, of Massillon, against Frederick Hookway, was called this morning, it was dismissed, the plaintiff failing to appear. The result is a complete victory for Mr. Hookway, who was prepared, in the event of a legal contest, to demonstrate the existence of a monstrous conspiracy, to extort money from him by force and fraud. Original letters in the possession of Mr. Hookway, addressed to Mrs. O. D. Miller, 25 South Grant street, Wooster, O., by Miss Mauger, demonstrated that an intimacy existed between her and Mrs. Miller's husband, which may have led to her trouble. At all events, they hatched a plot between them to attempt to levy blackmail from Mr. Hookway. In one letter dated August 12, the young woman writes:

"For God's sake be careful what you say, for they are going to ask a great many questions, for every one thinks my child belongs to Miller, and Mrs. Miller, you can save us all if you will stick to one thing, and you know we will have to suffer if you don't. Tell them that I had nothing to do with Miller, only he was a friend. I have a fine good lawyer and he is going to do his part as a matter of fact. Mr. Folger threw up the case as soon as he learned the truth, and vindicated himself very handsomely, and it is Robert H. Folger. He is a little man and wears glasses and a plug hat. Be sharp, for you know I will have to keep you posted, please do not tell Mr. Folger I wrote you. Do not tell him that Miller was in Wooster when I was there, for I said you told me that he was in Frederickburg, when I was there, and can't tell him no different. Do not let them catch you. Be sharp."

On September 6th Miss Mauger changed her tone and wrote to Mrs. Miller: "You are no more friend of mine than a dog. A dog is a bigger friend than you are. You a duffer man can make up your mind to suffer worse than I did, after you telling me to come to Massillon and doing what I did for you, then you doing what you are."

In her written confession Miss Mauger declares: "O. D. Miller and his wife, Hannah, induced me to swear the child on Mr. Hookway, and I refused to tell them Mr. Hookway was not the father of the child. They persuaded me, and I finally did so, as Mr. Miller said Hookway would settle and pay me some money."

The deposition of O. D. Miller shows that he is a painter, living in Wooster, and resided in Massillon for three years prior to moving to Wooster.

Mr. W. M. Terry, who has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for the past twelve years, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other cough medicine I have ever sold." There is good reason for this. No other will cure a cold so quickly; no other is so certain a preventive and cure for croup; no other affords so much relief in cases of whooping cough. For sale by Morganthaler & Heister.

CORNERING COAL THIEVES

The Pennsylvania Company Takes Vigorous Measures.

The several railroad companies whose lines enter Massillon are annoyed every winter by the depredations of coal thieves, and hundreds of tons of coal are annually taken from the cars. The Pennsylvania Company has instituted a vigorous warfare against these people, and some twenty or twenty five of them are at present in the hands of the mayor.

A number of cases have already been disposed of and others are still pending. The culprits are most of them women and children, members of poor families, and they do not seem to regard their actions in the nature of stealing, and some of them claim that brakemen on passing trains were in the habit of throwing coal off the cars for them to pick up. This, however, does not excuse them in the eyes of the law.

Mr. Hatchford's Injuries.

Michael Hatchford, a well known official of the United Mine Workers of America, had both his legs broken by a fall of coal in the Minglewood mine at North Lawrence, Monday afternoon. His right leg was broken between the knee and thigh, and the left one just below the knee. The knee cap on one of his legs was knocked several inches out of place. His injuries are not of a fatal character, but it is thought he will be crippled for life.

Spectacular Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was fearfully reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on leg doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at Z. T. Baltzly's Drug store.

The Best Plaster.—Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it over the seat of pain. It is better than any plaster. When the lungs are sore such an application on the chest and another on the back, between the shoulder blades, will often prevent pneumonia. There is nothing so good for a lame back or a pain in the side. A sore throat can nearly always be cured in one night by applying a flannel bandage dampened with Pain Balm. 50 cent bottles for sale by Morganthaler & Heister.

Buckwheat Cakes

Two teacupfuls buckwheat flour, one teacupful wheat flour, three teacupfuls Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, one teacupful salt. Mix all together, and add sufficient sweet milk or water to make a soft batter. Bake on griddle at once.

This makes delicious buckwheat cakes if you follow the recipe and use Cleveland's baking powder. Cleveland's leaves no bitter taste and makes the cakes light, sweet and wholesome.

It's the baking powder—Cleveland's!

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he a ways keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house, and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procured by G. A. Dykman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y. says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested? Trial bottles free at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

50 Doses—HONEY OF FIGS—50 Cents

"Honey of Figs" is a very concentrated extract of ripe California Figs, etc. It has no equal as a safe cure for Constipation, colds, Fever, Nervousness, Inactive Kidneys, etc. Old folks love it and children beg for more. Physicians give it in place of castor oil. Keep up with the times, and don't let any druggist sell you some syrup not half as good, on which he makes more profit. Demand Honey of Figs, made by the Fig Home Co., and tell your neighbors how splendid it is. No other laxative ever sold so well or gave such satisfaction. Z. T. Baltzly, agent, Massillon, O.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.



L. P. OHLIGER, OF WOOSTER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Samuel M. McMillen has been reappointed collector of internal revenue for the eleventh district, of Ohio, and Louis P. Ohliger, of Wooster, has been appointed collector for the eighteenth district.

That Block System.

An entirely erroneous dispatch appears in the papers from Bucyrus announcing that the Pennsylvania Company has abandoned the use of the block system, on account of its expense, and the decrease of travel. The truth is precisely contrary. Everything possible is being done to improve block signaling along these lines. The rules governing this system are now being revised and new blocks are being erected as rapidly as the double track is completed.

Death of Miss Baylies.

Miss Mary Ann Baylies, aged 50 years, died in Cleveland at 4 o'clock Sunday morning. Miss Baylies had been an invalid for several years, and on Saturday her father, Mr. James Baylies, of this city, was informed that the end was not far distant. The body was brought to Massillon Monday, and the funeral was held at the family home in East Main street Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Destroyed by Fire.

A saw mill near North Lawrence, owned by Marshall, Woodward & Co., of Canton, was totally destroyed by fire Monday night, causing a loss of about \$1,500. No insurance. Supposed incendiary origin.

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NEW PHILADELPHIA FIRE.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 15.—Shortly after 2 o'clock Wednesday morning, fire broke out in Sharp's opera house. It was totally destroyed. The Eagle hall, containing mayor's office, fire department, city prison and a fine hall, were consumed. On Tuesday night the Appleton Quartette Company played in the opera house and they also sustained a loss of all their property, including a \$2,500 harp. Jeweler Joss lost a fine piano valued at \$500. The fire broke out in the opera house through a defective furnace. The building was partially insured. Loss about \$15,000. The work of rebuilding the Eagle hall will commence at once.

NEWMAN.

Mrs. D. A. Thomas, of Elton, spent Monday with the Rowland family.

Norman Hall and Richard Aston have moved away from our village the past week.

Mrs. A. K. Dehoff continues to get weaker, and her condition is such that the old lady cannot survive much longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Findley spent Sunday and Monday in New Philadelphia, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Dougal.

Mrs. Roseann Morris, now of Tuscarawas township, but one of our oldest settlers of this place, circulated among her many friends during the past week.

John Prosser has again suffered a severe attack from his left leg which was operated on a short time ago, but has broke out anew, he is now able to get around the house a little.

The many friends of Michael Hatchford, of North Lawrence, are sorry to learn of his accident in the Minglewood mine, last Monday, his leg being broken in three places.

John and Samuel Rummie returned from Sherodsville, last week, where they had been called through an accident to their father Harry, who at one time it was feared could not recover, but is now doing as well as can be expected.

Senator J. S. Coxey must have felt good at the Populist vote in this precinct, judging from the figures and comments he furnished THE INDEPENDENT. Allow us to say that it was not the love for the Populist party or its leaders that got the votes in this precinct. Oh no, far from it!

The Republican success at our recent election is gratifying to the writer, and especially in our precinct. The Republicans have refused to support the grandest ticket they ever had an opportunity to vote for, through the absence of hoodlums or imaginary personal enemies, certainly cannot get any satisfaction out of the result of the vote in Youngstown Hill precinct, for while the Populists made great gains, we are pleased to say that the Republican party has not gone out of this precinct with as large a majority for many years as it has this year. Two years ago McKinley's majority was thirteen; this year he has twenty-two. The same ratio holds good or even better with the Hon. John Thomas, and their friends are highly pleased with the result, for these were the two men who were expected to be "spotted."

The most peculiar feature of the late election is that now we have a great many more Republicans than the returns account for. A canvass of the Republican voters demonstrates this fact, but the solution is that the Republicans, or at least some of them, who went back on the party, are now ashamed to own up to it since the gigantic victory. We would say, rest easy brother, for while "the light holds out to burn the vilest slaver may return." So return in good order and all will be well.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.



Julius Craig, Cleveland, Ohio.

Hood's Proves Its Merit

Severe Case of Blood Poisoning—A Perfect Cure

"I will tell how valuable we have found Hood's Sarsaparilla. My brother Julius was Blood Poisoned

and, although we had medical attendance, he failed to get any better. He was sick for nine weary months, suffering with numerous sores, which appeared first like water blisters, and when they burst, wherever the water spread a new sore formed.

The Pain Was Terrible

The trouble was principally upon his legs, and we were afraid they would have to be amputated. My grandmother urged us to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, but we thought it was of no use, as we had spent hundreds of dollars which had proven useless; but father said, "We will try a bottle." Soon after Julius began taking Hood's

Hood's Cures

Sarsaparilla the sores all disappeared, and in a short time he was perfectly cured." EDNA CRAIG, 61 Park St., 27th Ward, Cleveland, O.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

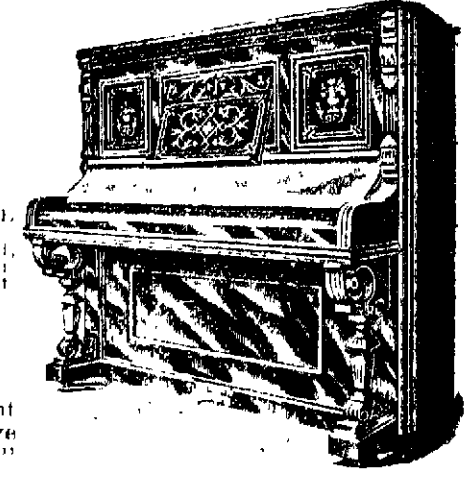
Hood's Remedies are for sale by E. S. Craig

Perhaps if they have not heard, it merits their inspection keen, all prejudice will in a word, not remain just as before, I thought or they will say "who would have guessed who can ask for any more?"

All tuning piano or organ work regulating and all the rest, excepting none we will not shirk, but faithfully give all "the best"

Second-Hand Organs and Pianos For Sale Cheap.

Open every Monday and Saturday night.



SEE HIGERD'S New Furniture Room

Southwest Corner Tremont and Erie, Opposite Hotel Sailer.

Undertaking in all its Branches.

The Brown Lumber Co., DEALERS IN—Lumber, Shingles, Lath; SASH, DOORS and BLINDS. Manufacturers of Cigar Boxes. Yard and Mill South Erie Street, MASSILLON, O.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

KENOSHA

Latest Earl & Wilson Collar Just in.

Spangler & Co., Hatters and Men's Furnishers.

Sole Agents for Knox & Youman!

MR. SPOFFORD THE BEST POSTED BIBLIOTHEC IN THE COUNTRY.

An Undisputed Authority on the History of Literature—The New Library and the Old—The Beauties of the New Book—A Mine of Usefulness.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Visitors to the capitol behold a short distance to the east of this great edifice another beautiful structure, now being topped out with a splendid golden dome. It is the new national library. It is the future home of that congressional library which is now housed in the central part of the capitol, and which in its confusion and crowding has become fairly picturesque. It is not enough to say that the new library is a splendid structure. It is, or will be when finished, the finest library building in the world. It is more commodious, better lighted and ventilated, and is in all respects more perfectly adapted to the purposes for which it was intended than any other library edifice on the face of the globe. It is something for the youngest of the first class nations of the world to be able to boast possession of such a monument to the enlightenment and progressiveness of its people.

A Marvelous Bibliophile.
For this great and beautiful structure we have one man to thank more than all others together. That man is Ainsworth R. Spofford, who for 32 years has been the librarian of congress. It was Mr. Spofford who made the first suggestion for the erection of a new library, 21 years ago. He followed his suggestion by earnest effort to impress upon senators and representatives the necessity for providing better quarters for the mass of books and pamphlets which were accumulating in the national library, and at length his efforts were rewarded. A bill was passed appropriating \$355,000 for the purchase of a site for the proposed new building. Three blocks of ground on the hill, just east of the capitol, were purchased. The site is almost perfect. The firmness of Mr. Spofford, aided by a few friends of the library in congress, averted the threatened blunder of selection of a site remote from the capitol and altogether unsuitable, the argument in favor of this undesirable location being that the government owned the land. The library is placed where it should be, and its magnificent facade and golden dome add to the beauty of the grand old capital rather than detracting therefrom.

Librarian Spofford is one of the most interesting men in Washington. He is the library of congress in himself. It is sad to think what will become of that great institution when he dies. He alone knows every book and pamphlet in the collection. He alone is able to put his finger, at any time, in light or darkness, upon any volume in the great mass. He alone has in his mind a catalogue of the library, the printed catalogue being very incomplete. Day after day Mr. Spofford is at his post, as he has been for a third of a century. A hundred times a day he is asked by the assistants for the whereabouts of this book or that, and he always replies, instantly and almost automatically, by naming the alcove and shelf and in many cases the catalogue number of the book itself. If this is not enough, he can tell you what the contents of the book are, its date of publication, the story of its author's life, the particulars in which it is strong or weak and all about it. This whole great library and its contents are photographed upon the brain of Mr. Spofford, like the interior of a room with its bric-a-brac, pictures, furniture and hangings upon the sensitive plate of a camera.

Better Than a Dictionary.
Nor is this all. Mr. Spofford is recognized as the best authority in America on the history of literature. Not a day passes that some disputed point is not submitted to him. Where the cyclopedias and books of reference fail, there Mr. Spofford is at his best. Where dictionaries of quotations are silent he is able to speak. Men and women are constantly running to Mr. Spofford to settle their controversies or doubts as to the authorship of this or that quotation.

I asked Mr. Spofford to tell me something about the new library and the old the other day, and he replied:
"It is a simple story, but one that I never tire of relating. In my report for the year 1873 I pointed out that a new library building was an absolute necessity. We had a bill introduced and passed it through the senate four or five times before we could induce the house to concur. Finally we succeeded there, and after paying \$355,000 for the site had an appropriation of \$6,000,000 for the library. We shall be able to finish the work within those limits. In two and a half or three years we shall be moving from this place, where, as you can see, we have to pile books and newspapers in every conceivable corner. For 12 years we have not had an inch of spare room on a shelf. In these 12 years we have accumulated nearly 300,000 volumes, and they have

had to find resting places upon the floor. Less than two-thirds of our library has shelf room in this building. We now have a grand total of 678,000 books, and in addition thereto 220,000 pamphlets. If we classified our pamphlets as they do in Europe, counting each separate pamphlet as a volume, our total would be at least 100,000 higher."

Built For a Century.
"How will you move this enormous mass of books to the new library, Mr. Spofford?"
"That is a problem which I have not as yet begun to consider. It is not true that we are to have an underground conduit, connecting the capitol and the new library. At least, that has not been decided on. We hope to have something better. For the purpose of removing the library I hope to have a temporary elevated electric railway. The distance is only 1,500 feet, and with such a contrivance we could effect our removal in a couple of weeks."

"You will have room for years to come in the new building, will you not?"
"This new library is built for a century. It is the only public structure in this country that was planned for more than a decade ahead. Every government building in this city was crowded full the moment it was ready for occupancy. This country grows so fast that it is almost impossible to build ahead of its needs, but in planning this library we agreed it was not worth while to build at all unless we could build for at least a century. When we move into the new building, two or three years hence, we shall not much more than fill one of the eight great book stacks. There is room there for 4,500,000 volumes, and we have only 900,000. Two of the eight stacks will hold us at the time of removal. Careful estimates of the growth of the library in the future show that at the end of the next century it may be necessary to enlarge the building, but not before. That building covers 3½ acres of ground. In the center is a great rotunda, about as large as the rotunda of the capitol, covered by the golden dome. That is to be our reading room. Running out from this central structure are the book stacks, and in the outside rooms, spacious and beautifully lighted, we shall display the pictures, the precious books and rich things of which we have many more than any one has thought. Four or five years hence our national library will be a surprise and delight to all beholders. Here we have no opportunity to show the precious things which belong to our collection. It is as much as we can do to preserve them, let alone displaying them."

Years of Application.
"Mr. Spofford, how do you fix in your mind the location of so many books?"
"I do not fix them. They fix themselves. The process is automatic, just as one becomes familiar with the location of the articles of furniture in a room by constant observation and use, without conscious effort. Just as you know where the books are in your private library, so do I know where they are in this larger library. I do not claim to have any wonderful powers of memory. I am not like Macaulay, who, it was said, could restore every word and line of 'Paradise Lost' from his memory were that great book to be physically blotted out of existence. I have a retentive memory, that is all. Almost any man with the right sort of brain could learn this library as I have learned it if he would give enough time and labor to it. He couldn't learn it in a day, nor a year, nor a half dozen years. Neither did I. I have been nearly a third of a century at it. Every volume in this library has passed through my hands repeatedly. Every book on these shelves, or on the floor, or heaped up in the corners, has an individuality to me. I know its size, shape, color, expression. Speak of a book and this individuality rises before me, just as mention of the name of a man you know serves to call his face and figure, his individuality, before your mind's eye. If pushed to it, I suppose I could find almost any book in this library, in any alcove or part, with my eyes shut or blindfolded. Instinct would guide me to the right spot, and if at the first attempt my hands did not pick up the desired volume—which they would if the book were in its right place—then the sense of touch would come

to my rescue. My fingers would do quite as well as my eyes in distinguishing between a number of volumes on a shelf."

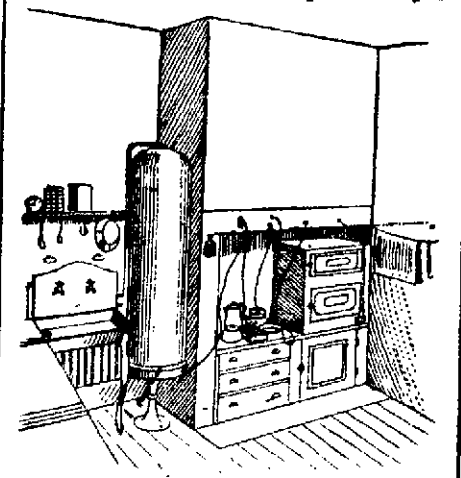
"You have many bound volumes of newspapers, have you not?"
"Yes. We have one of the most valuable collections of newspapers in the world. In all we have 16,000 volumes of bound newspapers. To the historians who will perform their work in the years to come these volumes will prove invaluable. Our newspaper files go back 100 years in this country and 200 years in Great Britain. This feature of the library is the one which we would find it impossible to replace in case of loss."

COOKING OVER WIRES

A KITCHEN WITHOUT COAL, ASHES OR DUST.

Frying, Baking, Broiling and Boiling by Electricity—Enormous Waste in the Use of Coal—Result of Taming the Electric Spark—Advantages Claimed.

[Special Correspondence.]
CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—The application of electricity to affairs domestic is a subject that demands the attention of all mankind. For some time past electricity has been used in a limited way by the demonstrators at various "food show" cooking schools. It required the World's fair to bring the subject



AN ELECTRIC KITCHEN.

before the public in all its prominence. That the subject is interesting cannot but be appreciated when the astonished remarks of the visitors, upon viewing some of the apparatus, are taken into consideration.

What does electric cooking mean? It means the absence of the old fashioned range and more—no coal! No smoke! No ashes! It means no building of kitchen fires on hot summer mornings; it means the emancipation of fire builders.

The workings of the electric current are less understood by the general public than any other subject connected with our mercantile and domestic life. In order to make the kitchen and its operation more clearly understood the writer will endeavor to throw a little light upon the nature of the electric current and how it may be utilized.

The current may be likened to running water, and with this idea one has the best illustration. If water be run through a pipe two inches in diameter, into a smaller pipe, say one inch in diameter, the result attained is pressure in the smaller pipe. Run electricity through a wire one-quarter inch in diameter, and it gives no apparent result, but turn this same current into a smaller wire and the result is heat, as shown in the ordinary incandescent lamp.

The small wire cannot handle the current fast enough; therefore it gets hot. This is the fact that governs electric cooking. The reader may say, "This is plain so far, but the electric light globe has practically no heat about it." The explanation is this: The wire in the electric light globe is in a vacuum

and is on this account surrounded to a certain extent by a nonconductor; hence the heat radiation is very small.

If it were possible to surround a red-hot stove with a glass case and to pump all the air from the case, the heat would not be felt to any great degree.

Imagine an ordinary frying pan with a veil of fine wire beneath it, this wire surrounded with a packing which would retain and convey the heat, the wire and packing covered with a metal case as shown by the dark ring on the bottom of the pan in the illustration. The pan with the electrical arrangement does not differ from the ordinary pan, except for the fact that it is slightly heavier and has a wire attached. By connecting this wire with the socket board and turning a button, similar to that on the electric light, the pan is heated almost as quickly as the explanation is made. The broiler, oven, coffee-pot, teakettle and hot water tank are all operated in the same manner. The illustration shows the application as it appears in a kitchen where the coal stove has been used. The space which was occupied by the range has been built up with lockers and drawers, and the top is zinc covered. Upon this top are placed the oven and different utensils. Above the space the socket board is placed, and wires from here connect with the pots, oven, broiler, etc. The odors and steam are carried off through the old smoke flue. The electrical broiler has the wire coil beneath the wires or slats and is provided with a drip pan which retains all the juices lost in the fire in ordinary broiling.

pared with the old way. The iron is attached to the socket, and in one minute it is hot and its heat is all on the under side. It remains at an even temperature all day, and one iron is all that is required. The cost of running an iron is about 2 cents per hour. The electric iron may be attached to an ordinary incandescent lamp socket by removing the globe and screwing the iron wire in place. The oven may be run for 5 cents an hour and the broiler for the same figure. The oven heat may be graduated by means of a switch. Pans and pots can be run at about the same cost. The fact that the current is used only for the time of cooking makes the cost somewhat less than when coal is used.

There are a number of kitchens in practical use with the most desirable results. The writer knows of one in New York city and one in Brooklyn. In these two the results have been so desirable that the owners have discarded coal forever. There is no danger in using the current, and fire risks are at the minimum.

WALTER W. BRETT.

THE MULE EARED JACK RABBIT.

Exhilarating Autumn Sport in Chasing Him on the Prairies.
[Special Correspondence.]

ABILENE, Kan., Nov. 9.—No one who has not tried it knows what sport there is in jack rabbit hunting on the prairies. All through the autumn scores of fleet homed and rapid saddle ponies are accompanying lovers of the exhilarating chase to favorable starting points on the plains. The jack rabbit is growing comparatively scarce, but he seems also to be growing more speedy. He is no more like the ordinary "cottontail" than the drag horse is like the thoroughbred. His long, lean body, well muscled and agile as a cat's, his mulelike ears, half as long as himself, his kangaroo gait and tremendous ability for getting to his destination make him an ideal game, while with the hunger sauce furnished by a lively day's sport a rabbit pottage is a delicacy that appeals to the palate with irresistible force.

Modern rabbit hunting is not like that of the settlers. Their mongrel dogs were at a disadvantage when pitted against the jack. Having started their quarry, the rabbit had all the fun. Running with a short jerky gait a little ways, he would stop, rise upon his hind legs, prick up those towering ears and watch his panting followers. Then becoming weary of the sport he would start in earnest. A jump, a patter, a long sailing leap—and away he flies, apparently only touching the earth at the high places. The ordinary dog might as well try to capture a western cyclone. He could do nothing but give up the chase and with a despairing yell return to his master, disgraced.

The real sportsman goes out with greyhounds and racers. They go in companies and mean business. They give the rabbit some pointers on racing. When the dogs are loosed, they know what is expected of them, and as their silky, slender forms move gracefully here and there through the short, hairlike buffalo grass, they are the perfection of beauty and speed. Some of them have royal canine pedigrees that date back for a century and connect with the famous coursers of England and France. It is a luxury for them to spend some of their nervous force upon the Kansas or Nebraska prairies, and it furnishes exquisite sport for their owners and the onlookers.

When a rabbit is started, and in the less thickly inhabited prairie sections where the sport usually takes place it is not difficult to find each game at short notice, there is fun for all. The rabbit may think he has another picnic occasion with a settler's mongrel cur, but he has not. The greyhounds are eager for the chase and are as well built for it as the lithe object they are pursuing. The jack strikes his best gait at the first start. For awhile he gains on the terrifically rapid followers and is a mere bobbing speck ahead. But blood and length of limb count against him, and the wide gaping mouths and pearly white teeth of the dogs gradually come nearer. The jack is eager for a hole of some kind in which to stow his trombing body. He wavers—it is a fatal strategy. The dogs close up faster, and, dodge, turn, leap as he may, he is soon snapped up by one of the fierce mouths and goes trembling through the air and falls upon the grass, the loser.

The pleasure of this kind of sport is being recognized more widely each year, and a series of coursing meetings has enlivened the autumn. Coursing clubs from eastern cities have loaded up their dogs and held their meetings upon the prairies of Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas. The number of clubs has doubled over last season, and the contests promise to increase in popularity. The closing meeting is that of the American Coursing association at Great Bend, which has carefully stocked "preserves," if so they may be called, in an ancient basin, probably once a lake bottom, now called the Cheyenne bottoms. Here has been erected a commodious clubhouse, and hundreds of spectators gather to see the spirited trials. Dogs are matched two and two and the winners race after horse races in that the interest increases as each "heat" is run, the last determining the winner for the whole list. Like the antelope and the buffalo, the jack rabbit will with the closer settlement of the plains be driven into the mountains and perhaps become some day a reminiscence. It is already scarce enough to make a hunt enjoyable, and sportsmen are realizing that they have a novel and interesting diversion presented by this form of game seeking. Probably no amusement the prairies can now furnish is more attractive, and certainly no section of the east can in any way rival the plains in this sport or in any one approaching it in principle. Only the west can furnish all necessary conditions.

C. M. HARGER.

FUR FOR THE WINTER

IT WILL BE WORN ON CLOAKS, GLVES AND HATS.

Olive Harper Thinks That Poor Animals Enjoy Being Skinned For Such Loveliness—Different Ways of Applying It For Trimming—Children's Novelties.

[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—This is to be a very pussy cat of a winter, as every outer garment that a woman wears will be trimmed with fur. Nice for the women, but not quite so pleasant for the poor animals, though, as the Philadelphia market women said of the cats, "They must be used to being skinned by this time." If the poor little beasts can



HANDSOME NEW GOWNS.

think at all after their skins are taken off, they must be in a measure satisfied to lose their furry coats for the sake of the lovely beings who get them. I think it was Lockyer who said:

"Oh, lucky little kid,
You perished, so you did,
For my sweet!"

The little wildcats, and the pretty bears, and the delightful polecats, all just walk into camp and say: "Take my furry coat and send it to some of those New York girls. We hear that in the winter time those poor creatures have to go without any protection on their bare necks and arms. We are used to cold, and so here goes." Sometimes the animal "goes," too, in the shape of steaks, but that makes his offering still more valuable.

Fur on hats, fur on shoulders and fur on gowns and gloves, on cloaks and tea gowns, and everywhere else that the modiste can by any pretext affix it. The most approved method is to have collars, lapels and ribbles bound with fur in a regular round binding; but, dear lady friends, don't think you can see this on to look right, for you cannot. There is a knack about it that no amateur can achieve. The fur hangs in tempting strips by many doors, and a strip of ordinary fur one inch wide will cost from \$1 to \$5 a yard, according to the kind of fur, and it will need about five yards for collars and lapels. Better buy your coat outright or wear your old one with what courage you can than try to sew it on yourself, for you cannot do it right.

The manners of applying fur trimmings on dresses are so many and so different, each person following her own idea, that no set rule can be laid down. I saw one gown yesterday of heavy blue cheviot serge cut princess. Around the bottom was a 2 inch band of gray fur, and extending diagonally from the left shoulder to right foot was another band of the same width. There was a round belt of fur and dog collar of the same. There was a wide collar of chamois skin, made very stiff by lining. This was cut so as to represent revers in front and plain the rest of the way, and the whole was bound with fur. This made an exceedingly nice gown. Fur is used almost as universally on children's outdoor garments as for women, and men are not debarred. Both men and women may have deep fur cuffs to their gloves. Muffs are smaller than I have ever seen them. Caps and toques will be worn very much after the 1st of November.

Still one can have a dress made without fur, if one is very brave. A case in point is where a young lady had a taupe hocking frock, made with a skirt cut in deep scallops, which fell over an un-



FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

derskirt of old rose taffeta, striped with black. The neat waist had deep revers, shoulder caps and forearm sleeves of cardinal velvet. The belt of canvas had a quaint gold buckle.

For the children I found two lovely costumes in one of our most renowned stores, both of velveteen, one pale blue and one of dark. That for the little girl had a plaited yoke of the same, and the sleeves also. Around the waist was twisted a wide cheney sash ribbon in delicate colors and floral pattern. The suit for the boy was made with a loose blouse, the sleeves being plaited at the waist to form cuffs. The trousers were large and loose and gathered at the knees, so as to permit the goods to form folds. With this was a deep Venetian lace collar, tied with cord and tassels. Both boy and girl were to have Tam o' Shanter hats of the same material as their respective suits.

OLIVE HARPER.

DOMESTIC GEMS.

Diamonds in Virginia, Tourmalines in Maine and Jet in Colorado and Texas.
[Special Correspondence.]

RICHMOND, Nov. 9.—It is commonly believed that diamonds are not found in North America, and this is practically true, although several specimens of the monarch of all gems have been picked up within the boundaries of the United States. One of the most notable finds of this sort was made some years ago at Manchester, a town near here, by a laborer engaged in street grading. The discovery caused much excitement in this vicinity, but the mining of diamonds in Virginia has not yet become an organized industry. The stone was counted to be worth \$10,000 before it was cut. After it had passed through the hands of the lapidary it weighed over 10 karats and was a gem of great beauty.

About 90 different minerals have been found in the United States that have been used as gems, 12 being found only here. The mountains of Colorado are especially rich in gems, many varieties including sapphires and garnets, being found there. These stones are also found in New Mexico and Arizona, the annual output amounting to several thousand dollars.

Between \$60,000 and \$70,000 worth of tourmalines have been taken from Mount Mica, Maine, which is one of the few places in the country where systematic mining for gems is carried on. The tourmaline is a very beautiful stone, possessing, according to certain superstitious souls, weird qualities of sympathy displayed in its varying shades. It is considered a lucky stone by its devotees and was a potent factor in the lives of the characters figuring in that strange story, "My Tourmaline," published in Dr. Holland's Scribner's Monthly, several years ago, by a writer whose true name has never certainly been known, but who wrote over the pen name of "Saxe Holme." Tourmalines are also found at Stony Point, N. C., where hiddenite is profitably mined.

Rock crystals are gathered in several localities in the United States, the annual output being estimated at about \$40,000. Much of this mineral cut in the United States is sold under the names of "Lake George" and "Cape May" diamonds. Singularly enough, although frequently of quality suitable for use in optical instruments and spectacles, North American crystal is not often employed for these purposes. Our opticians import most of their crystal lenses from Brazil. Agates occur in widely separated regions in the United States, but most of the agates of commerce come from Brazil and Uruguay and are polished in Germany.

This does not hold good regarding moss agates in great degree, but although many American moss agates find their way to the jewelers' shops they are mostly polished abroad. Jet occurs in Colorado and Texas and is being utilized to some extent in the arts. Remaining American gems include the sunstone and moonstone of Pennsylvania and Virginia, the turquoise, which is of value when first taken out, but turns to green on exposure; the bowdenite of Rhode Island and the willamite of Pennsylvania. The last two named are often used as substitutes for jade.

PHILIPUS NELSON.

November Musings.

[Special Correspondence.]
SUMMIT, N. J., Nov. 9.—This is the month for walking about the country to increase your appetite, and reduce your avoirdupois. It is also a good time to sit under an old scrubby persimmon tree and muse on the bitter past and dwell upon departed glories and blasted hopes. There is a pensive beauty lurking and lingering about the russet wood, whose leaves are blown ever and anon if not more frequently by fitful gusts along the dusty way. It is a sympathetic pale gray day, and the mellow moon has melted into a wistful fullness that fills the lover of nature with a languid joy. There are hints of grief in the air, and a faraway pathos fills the land with a dreamy thoughtfulness that ushers tender memories in the sympathetic soul. How pleasant to linger and lean on the shabby snake-fence and watch the pumpkins that glow in the deepening gloom among the myriad stacks of corn? And then to dream of pumpkin pie, while watching the farmer pile these orange spheres on the wagon, and then to hear the wind while it whistles through the Berkshire piggy's bristles, are like a song most chaste and sweet on the joys of sausage meat.

The pool is dark and silent, and no lily flutters in its breast. Occasionally a wild bird touches its surface as it flashes across and breaks it into a series of wrinkles like unto those of an ancient spinster's forehead. Across the fields a light glimmers in the distance, and I hear the yelp of a dog in the cold clear air. He is welcoming some one home, and I know dinner is ready. So along the russet way that in the gloom wears the color of roast duck I will bide me to my humble, virtuous dinner table. I am going to have fresh pork and apple sauce tonight, and I cannot feel the ground beneath my feet. I linger in an undreamed dream: the landscape is a love letter punctuated with unmissed kisses. I am a millionaire from my feet up, and I lie on a bed of bands embroidered with roses while the first star twinkles in the blue, and I enter the house and get a blast of the savory brown pork right in the face.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Our First Town Meeting.

The planters of Dorchester, Mass., long ago agreed that "there shall be 12 men selected" to look into what concerned the general welfare, and that meeting was the foundation of the government of the 1,500 towns of New England, of the 44 states and of the constitution of the United States. The use of the word "selected" in that agreement was the origin of the name "selection."

It is very difficult

to convince children that a medicine is "nice to take"—this trouble is not experienced in administering

Scott's Emulsion

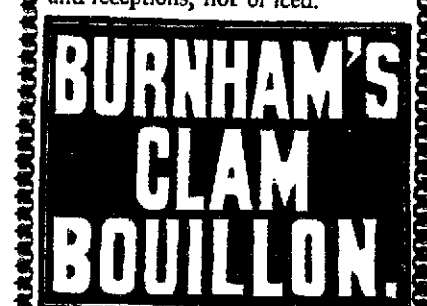
of Cod Liver Oil. It is almost as palatable as milk. No preparation so rapidly builds up good flesh, strength and nerve force. Mothers the world over rely upon it in all wasting diseases that children are heir to.

Prepared by Scott & Borne, N. Y. All druggists.

Scott's Emulsion is for sale by E. S. Craig.

For Clubs and Hotels.

No wine room or any first-class hotel, club, café, or gentleman's cellar is complete without this valuable adjunct. Served on the side and at afternoon and evening entertainments and receptions, hot or iced.



It is now recognized as indispensable in all well-regulated establishments. Sold by leading Grocers and Wine Merchants. Put up only in glass. Pints, \$6.00 per dozen. Order from your dealer or direct. Discounts to the trade.

E. S. Burnham Co., 120 Ganessvort St., N. Y.



DR. F. W. PLATT

Will again be at Rudolph's Jewelry Store, Saturday, Nov. 18.

The lenses prescribed are guaranteed to be beneficial. Children and Nervous cases a Specialty

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

For 1893, just issued, contains colored plates of Alpine flowers, Begonias, Dahlias, Camellias, Gladioli, etc., etc. It is a complete guide to the selection and culture of the most popular flowers and vegetables. It is a complete guide to the selection and culture of the most popular flowers and vegetables. It is a complete guide to the selection and culture of the most popular flowers and vegetables.

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NEAR PICCADILLY.

THAT IS WHERE BILL NYE IS STAYING AT PRESENT.

He Likes It Better Than the Place He Had Before—Trying Hard to Entertain Clarence—Scenes and Incidents Round About London.

(Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.) LONDON, Oct. 21.

Yesterday I changed my lodgings and came into town a little more. Now I am only a few doors from Piccadilly, which is one of the streets here that have the most passing on them.

Today the town is full of strangers. Farmers are in from some distance, and



FAREWELL TO THE LANDLADY.

now and then an American may be seen buying something and trying to pay for it without saying over in his mind:

4 farthings make 1 penny.
12 pence 1 shilling.
20 shillings 1 pound.

Then the half crown comes along and knocks out his calculations. So does the guinea.

Darn a guinea anyhow.

I lived next door to a flock of them one summer in North Carolina, and they got up so much earlier than I did in the morning that Reason tottered on her perch.

My former lodgings were at Chiswick (pronounced Chizzick). Chizzick was the home of Hogarth, and his body lies buried in the Chizzick churchyard. There also is the beautiful estate of the Duke of Devonshire, known as Chiswick House. Chiswick House is built after the plan of an old Roman villa and is a massive pile. Lots of old stonework from Rome and some decorations even from the Vatican are there. Several stone benches from the Roman senate were put under the trees at Chiswick House. They were the genuine thing, too—seats that the Roman senator had sat in while he thought of his speech; cold, hard stone seats that they sat in on wintry mornings in December with nothing between them and the hot blooded Roman but a cotton toga.

Is it any wonder that Rome fell and that "the barbarian Goth" stabled his horse in the palace of the Cæsars?

Chiswick House is most richly decorated in white and gold, with beautifully painted ceilings done by Italian artists of 200 years ago. The grounds are laid out in a magnificent park of 63 acres. Here Pope was a constant guest, and, as Plum Levis, my barber friend in North Carolina, would say, Pope used to be around Chiswick House a right much.

His favorite walk in the park has been a favorite walk of mine while here. If he had not been snatched away before I came to England, Pope and I would have helped each other. He was strong in some ways, while I came out better in others. Pope could have shown me how to get about London by the mysterious railroads, while I could have corrected his essays for him.

The Duke of Devonshire is well off and leases the place at Chiswick just as Mr. Gould might have leased Irvington to some one in New York, or as George Washington might lease Mount Vernon to a Denver man, with use of tomb and right of piscary.

If the duke had been there, he would have doubtless sat the dog on me, but the lessee, Dr. Tulke, told me to go anywhere over the place, eat hot-house grapes, pick orchids, climb the tree planted by Queen Victoria, or do my literary work where Pope did his. There are trees there planted by Garibaldi and many other eminent people living and dead. The tree planted by her most gracious majesty does not seem to thrive, and I feel almost positive that she did not mulch it properly when she first sat it out.

I use the word sat advisedly. I use it on the advice of my valet, Clarence, aged 58, who says he belongs to the happier clahsses.

I got to talking with Clarence quite freely the other evening, for I do not want time to hang heavily on his hands. There was no good theatrical performance that I felt like taking him to see, so we chatted the evening away, Clarence and I. It is pretty hard for an American guest to entertain a valet, not being accustomed to it. I never had one before, so it comes rather awkward.

He thinks I ought to have my boots treed every night. I told him to tree them if he thought best, but that he would have to knock them off the branches in the morning, for I would not go up after them, so he puts a sort of dofunny inside my shoes at night to fill them up and keep them in place and says it is better than to keep them on at night for that purpose.

I have lodgings now just off Piccadilly, as I said, having made the change two days ago. My former landlady was an amateur in that line. She sent me up an egg that was intended for parliament. It was a good egg for a riot, but not for eating purposes. It looked on the outside rather tottering. It looked as an egg might that had been laid under the Tower and forgotten for a few sluggish centuries. It popped like a rifle

when I tapped it with my stick, and if the window hadn't been open I should have been asphyxiated. What a terrible death it must be to cork up a room tightly, make one's will and then turn on an egg like that—an egg that had been left to itself ever since the Saxons came here, an introspective egg laid by a morbid hen!

I spoke to the landlady about it. "This egg," said I, turning away to avoid seeing its still features, "should not have been disinterred. Will you take it back to the cemetery again and see that the grave is resodded at my expense?"

She thought I was sarcastic. "That is a mistake," she said.

"Yes," I made reply; "it has that air about it."

"No," she said; "I mean that the cook has made a mistake and sent you up a cooking egg."

"Oh, you use these eggs for cooking, do you?" I asked, with well feigned astonishment. "You use them to raise bread with and make angel food. Instead of using them in the interests of home rule you make puddings of them. Very well," I added in a broken voice, "if you have no other excuse to offer than that it is a cooking egg, I must say farewell."

I had been there a week, mostly because she was like the Kentucky land-lord whom Griswold asked why he charged \$2 for a 20 cent lunch. "Well, sir," said the Kentuckian, putting his thumbs in his vest; "by —, I need the money!" I shall do no more such charitable work and then buy pepsin and liver pills all winter as a result.

I sometimes think that for a man with my chest measurement I am the biggest fool ever born in captivity.

Clarence, my valet, has a way of describing things to eat and drink that makes my mouth fairly water. He is gifted like Dickens that way. Dickens could make one hungry in a paragraph. Clarence was telling the other evening about a "bumper of mild and Burton ale as clear and hamber, sir, as a goblet of sherry, and with a 'ead on it, sir, like a cauliflower."

I was asking him yesterday about a meat pie made here sometimes, in the country especially, and which is a cylinder of batter with a piece of meat in the center.

"Oh, that, sir! That we 'ad at 'ome when I was a lad, sir. Hit is very delicious, very delicious indeed, sir. We call hit the toad in the 'ole, sir."

Coals are 2 shillings a hundred and rising every day. Poor people are naturally worried over the winter to come. Milk also is rising. So is cream. But we will let that pass.

I was offered a fine Hereford bull 4 years old last week for \$4, and his blood was as good as that of the Duke of Northumberland. He was worth \$100, as a matter of fact, but I could not take him very well, so he will go to the slaughter house. The drought has been something very serious, and the strikes on top of it will make hard times for the winter, I fear. Yesterday I met a man in Hyde park who had not eaten anything for 18 days, so he said, and he did not look like a man who would lie or do anything else.

My present landlady, a very intelligent man, says that London is not the city it was even 10 years ago. I thought that London was like Gibraltar in the matter of trade, but he says competition from countries where production is cheaper and methods better has cut down the volume of London's business. He thinks Germany has cut into the manufacture and trade of London. Possibly the town has been boomed too much also.

I went to a bank last week to get some money and could not get it, so times must be hard.

At Hampton Court, where I went a few days ago, and of which I will speak in the future, I saw at a tavern a red-faced Englishman, who, with his son, was making a pedestrian tour of 50 miles. He ordered some bread and cheese, two shandy guffs for the boy and two Scotch whiskies for himself. Shandy guff is beer and ginger beer together, as you may know already. This



"THAT IS AMERICAN CHEESE."

gentleman remarked as the food was brought that he thought that was rum cheese, so they had beer, ginger beer, Scotch whisky and rum cheese.

Discoursing on the cheese to his son and unaware that I was an American, for I wore a Piccadilly suit of dark frock coat and high hat, which I will give to my coachman when I get home again, he said, with a sigh:

"That is American cheese. It is very bad, very bad. There is no good cheese made in England any more now. It is so with everything. Cheap things are the order of the day. We can't compete with them. See the cloth on that cheese? It is American. Too bad, too bad" with a sigh that was like a breeze across a distillery. "I don't know what we are coming to. I've everything has went to be cheap now."

In a crowded bus on Piccadilly some days ago there sat a very solemn man from Vermont. He had one of those low derby hats worn 16 years ago, with a capacity of two tablespoonfuls, and he

was a thin, dried-in-hung sort of man trying to find some American news in a London paper.

At that time there entered a very fat English woman. She found no seat and had to stand. The Vermontor got ridgity over his paper, and finally, rapping on the floor of the bus with his umbrella, he called the meeting to order.

"Gentlemen," he drawled, "I'd like the sense of this meeting. This lady ought not to stand up, I think. Now, to test the spirit of the meeting, I am ready to be one of three to give the lady a seat."

Bill Nye

A Lover's Miscalculation.

"I'll take this 75 cent bottle of perfume if you will take off this coat mark and put on one with \$1.30 on it," said a young man to the clerk in a drug store.

"All right."

It was done.

"Great head," soliloquized the young man. "Minnie will notice that coat mark and love me for spending my substance so liberally for her. It never hurts a young man's chances for the object of his admiration to think he regards her worth getting the very best for."

The bottle of perfume was sent, and an evening or two later the donor called in person and casually proposed marriage.

"James," said the girl.

"What is it, Minnie, dear?"

"You sent me a bottle of perfume?"

"Yes. Did you like it?"

"It was good perfume, James, but it wasn't worth any dollar and a half. Seventy-five cents is the regular price for that perfume, and I can't say that I have much use for a young man who is so careless of his money as to pay for an article twice what it is worth."

"But, Minnie!"

James was going to explain, but on second thought he refrained. It occurred to him that a girl might like him less for deceiving her than for extravagance. So he put on his hat and departed, resolving to try different tactics when he found another girl.—Harper's Bazar.



The Lady—I want a little arsenic.
—Yes, miss. Complexion or suicide?
—Brooklyn Life.

Lucrative.

A certain miscellaneous entertainment is given annually, to which the elite of the Paris fashionable world flock en masse, the price of the tickets being 20 francs each. This year, strange to say, the tickets were inscribed in large letters, "Admission: Free," which had the effect of overcoming the scruples of a good many persons who had heretofore resisted the temptation. But when the hour of departure arrived the guests found all the doors occupied by the leading artists, who presented each with a card bearing the following inscription in large type: "Exit, 30 francs each. We cannot permit our dear guests to go away scot free."—Etoile Beige.

Class in Grammar.

Teacher—Parse the sentence, "Yucatan is a peninsula."
Pupil (who never could understand grammar anyhow)—Yucatan is a proper noun, non-tive case, second person singular.

"How do you make that out?"

"First person Yucatan, second person Yucatan, third person Yucatan; plural, first person Yucatan, second per"—

"Go to your seat!"—Chicago Tribune.

How to Get Even.

Tiredout—Hello, Talkemoutt, haven't seen you lately.

Talkemoutt—No. I've been making a tour of Europe, and I just tell you, old boy, I never saw such won—

Tiredout—By the way, there goes Chatterton. Rush over and tell him all about it. He's just got back from the World's fair.—New York Weekly.

Only There.

A former friend, who met Robert Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrooke, in London, is said to have accosted him with the remark: "Don't you remember me? I used to know you in Australia," and to have met with the rebuff, "Yes, and when I meet you again in Australia I shall be happy to know you."—Argonaut.

A Wide Range.

"Is your appetite capricious?" asked the physician, who had been called in to see Farmer Meddergrass.

"That's what it is, doctor," replied the granger. "Some days I eat liver and bacon all right, an then again it seems as if nothin would do but corned beef an cabbage or sourkront an sassisges."—Harper's Bazar.

A Tribute.

"Dicky doesn't read very much," said one young man.

"No."

"Yet he seems to be well posted."

"Yes—at the club."—Washington Star.

Couldn't Help It.

"Waiter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup."

Waiter—Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are.—Fliegende Blatter.

DOTING OVER A GOWN

HENRIETTE ROUSSEAU RAVES OVER A NEW DEPARTURE.

Something to Make Young Ladies' Rivals Despair—More Velvet For Costumes. Latest in Woollens—The Climax in Head gear—Fashions in Fur.

(Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.)

For women who are active and quick of motion and sprightly in manner a loose tea gown is an agony and a misery, for a loose gown requires slow and measured movements, otherwise it will swathe about the form in the most awkward fashion. Recognizing the needs of such ladies there has been devised a new departure, and now the lady who needs such a model can have her tea gown as she likes and not be worse than out of the world—out of fashion.

One was just finished yesterday for a prominent young married lady. It was made princess, with a short train in the back, which was cut so that the back breadths fell very full in natural folds. It was of satin duchesse brocade, grass green, with queer, large figures in olive



NEW HEAD OF VR.

green. There were four rows of olive green satin ribbon sewn flat around the skirt—two high up and two near the bottom. The sleeves were of pink surah, and the double puffs reached only to the elbow. Above the sleeves were caps of lace. Across the bust was drawn a fold of pink surah to a point in front, and there held with a bow of pink ribbon with long ends. This is a sop to Ceres, and the floating ribbon gives the needed touch, and behold! a novel tea gown. When this dress is donned, all the young lady's rivals can sit about or stand in graceful attitudes and proceed to despise her with immeasurable scorn in their eyes, but with smiles on their lips.

The day of plain skirts seems to be on the wane, for the determined effort of some designers to introduce drapery or at least combinations, is beginning to be felt. We find skirts cut in slashes, in points and scallops over an underskirt of some contrasting color or, at least material. There are many trains where the front of the skirt is of velvet or the back of silk, and vice versa. The rich velvets of the season lend themselves admirably to the making of heavy trains, but they would be better employed on the back than the front of the skirt. Therefore the most of the gowns with the heavy velvet trains have the fronts of silk or satin.

I saw one gown for a young lady, though there was no train, made in the way. The back of the skirt was of superb velvet brocade, brown on plum satin. The front breadth was of made satin with four rows of white lace insertion and fastened with three great bows of shaded mauve and brown ribbon. The large puffed sleeves were of satin as well as the baby waist. There was a velvet brocade figure with a spring collar, which took the form of a berth in the back, below the fall of lace. A band of insertion formed the wide belt and another was laid around the neck. The style of the day is maintained, but the monotony of roundabout trimming is broken, and the gown is pretty and girlish, while being of the most expensive materials. It is questionable taste, however, to dress young unmarried women in such rich material. It leaves nothing for them as a recompense for fading beauty, with advancing age, and really is not as becoming as simpler materials, but as long as such things cost more than the light and filmy textures girls will have them, so there!

This winter, now advancing rapidly, we'll see more velvet worn as gowns and full costumes than there has been for thirty years. This is due to two reasons. The velvets came in naturally with the present styles and seem to belong to them by right. Next, importers loaded themselves with velvets and velutina, and then at times came on, which forced the importers to sell their wares at a sacrifice the cost of importation, and that put these ideal goods within the reach of every one. Now capes and cloaks are made of it—velutina preferably, unless one can afford the best silk velvet. The rich corded and shotted effects are almost wonderful, and the two toned styles are beautiful.

Some of them break into four and five shades of the two contrasting colors, and yet if you examine closely you will find that there are but two colors, one shade of each. Cardinal and blue gave purple effects as well as the two colors named in one piece. The cheaper grades of silk faced velvet do not produce the right effect. It is somehow lacking in the heavy fold. The new velutinas are thick and fold in rich round folds that would delight an artist. There were one pattern of soft moss green over shell pink and another of the same green over salmon, and words cannot tell how suddenly it made up in a deep mantle with satin and trimmed with fur or had dark green surface shotted—blue. Another was blue and

gold, in fact, the line is as complete as the Lyons velvet, which it resembles closely. The ribbed velvets and velutina, with underlying color in contrast, are magnificent.

One cord, I velutina was of fawn and pink—the ribs of fawn and the under color pink. The whole effect was exquisite. Many of the darker shades of brown corduroy or corded velutina have underlying colors, which light up the whole, though some are all of one color for those who prefer. I saw a novelty in this line which shows a crape effect on velutina, giving several apparent shades to one single color. It is indescribably rich. Mrs. Gould had a beautiful gown for afternoon made of pure white corded velutina. It was cut princess, with long juive sleeves, lined with shrimp pink satin with green stripes. The front opened over an underskirt of pink crape of the same shade and bordered at the foot with a wide band of pink ostrich plumes. There was a collar of the same at the neck, and at the waist there was a silver chain with a fringed bar at the ends, which hung loosely, somewhat like a theodora belt. Altogether it was a dainty gown.

The new woollens seem to have all broken out into tufts and spots, which stand above the surface. One gown of such material pleased me greatly. It had a dull blue ground, and lines of irregularly shaped tufts of copper red crossed each other in such a manner as to form large plaids. The skirt was quite plain, tailor finished and rather shorter than usually seen. The sleeves were large gogots, the waist a plain pointed basque, with the buttons diagonally placed. There was a short Eton of copper velvet, with a spring collar of blue velvet just the shade of the groundwork of the dress. The hat matched it in color. A lady came in and sat down and hated the owner of this dress with all her might and wished the latter might die before she wore the gown, so that she might have one just like it and be the only one to wear it.

Is there anything new in head gear? Some one asks. Well, not very much. The felt platons are being twisted into new and unheard of shapes and trimmed in the most daring manner. Nothing comes amiss in the trimming of bonnets. Fur and feathers, flowers, laces, ribbons and velvet—all are sent to reason. But the climax has been reached, I think, when one courageous milliner made a tiny bonnet of a large hat, with its only head in front, and its bag ears standing up and its wings folded over the crown.

The majority of bonnets are made of velvet and jet, with occasional wings or aigrets or some other light fancy for trimming. The little girls have a great variety of hats and poke bonnets made of the colored felt platons, twisted and bent into the shape found most becoming. One of cardinal felt was bent and plaited into a sort of scalloped poke and trimmed with a full bow of cardinal velvet ribbon, and there were strings to tie it with. A Mother Hubbard coat of cardinal cloth, with velvet yoke, was worn with such a hat and was very pretty indeed. Some hats have floral trimming, but for winter other trimming looks rather more suitable. It is probable that short ostrich tips will be much worn during the winter, and many heads of small animals, with borderings of the same fur. One lady had upright side to her purple velvet bonnet, which was a large poke, with the brim faced with blue and overlaid with cream lace. There were boxes of ribbon on the outside, too, and wide purple velvet strings.

The amount of fur used and to be used as garniture on home and street coats this season almost passes belief. Everything is bordered or otherwise ornamented with it, even the most unpron-



DINNER AND TEA GOWNS.

using materials. I saw a dancing dress of white armure silk being made in a grand establishment recently, and around the neck, on the pointed waist, on the bands of the short puffed sleeves and on the skirt there were roulan bands of fur. Gloves will have deep fur garmettes, and many will have fur cuffs, which are nice to protect the wrists and hands while wearing these box and military capes that leave them exposed. There is no kind of fur, it seems to me, that is not used as trimming, but that with a light brownish tint is the prettiest and blends best with the season's goods.

HENRIETTE ROUSSEAU.

Miss Brown of Pittsfield, Mass., is making a fortune as a wool carver, or wool sculptor, as it is proper now to call the artist who works in that material. In the first place, she had a natural adaptation for the work. In the next place, she trained herself as thoroughly as a sculptor in marble or a painter ever did by patient study and practice of years. Then her shrewd business instincts led her to make the acquaintance of the wealthy city people who were building splendid summer residences in the Berkshire hills. She is occupied from year to year in carving and decorating the interiors of these mansions.

In Bridgeport, Conn., Miss C. M. Brockway conducts a large bicycle agency. She employs six men in her store and repair shop.

WALL PAPER

We have a beautiful line of

Paper Hangings for the Fall Trade,

Also a Complete line of Curtains and Curtain Poles. Competent paper hangers furnished.

BAHNEY-SPALDING CO.,

Booksellers. 20 East Main Street.

THE FARM LEDGER

The publishers have secured at great expense

A Premium for its Country Readers

Which will be given to every new subscriber and to every old subscriber who renews with extra cost. The premium is a Farm Ledger designed especially for this purpose.

It Contains

a time book, and is so ruled and provided with printed directions as to enable every farmer to keep his accounts in business like form, and to know at the end of six or twelve months just where he stands.

The price of this Ledger is one dollar.

It cannot be obtained by itself for less than that sum.

The price of The Weekly Independent is also one dollar

The publishers give both for the price of one, when taken together.

THE INDEPENDENT CO

MASSILLON, O.

COLEMAN, THE RELIABLE JEWELER,

HAS AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

OPTICAL GOODS,

Spectacles and Eye-Glasses in Gold, Silver, Steel, Rubber

Shell and Zylomite Frames.

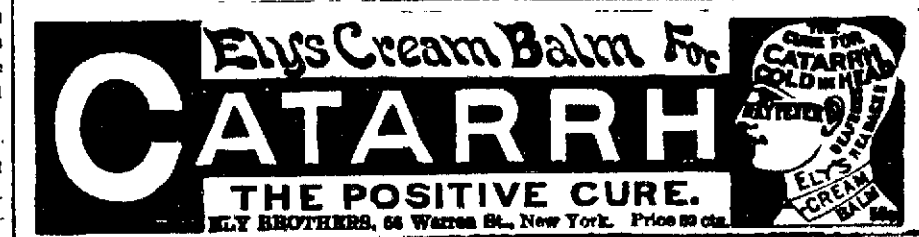
WE CAN UIT YOU

Prices Lower than the Lowest

Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Jewelry, Clocks, Gold Pens

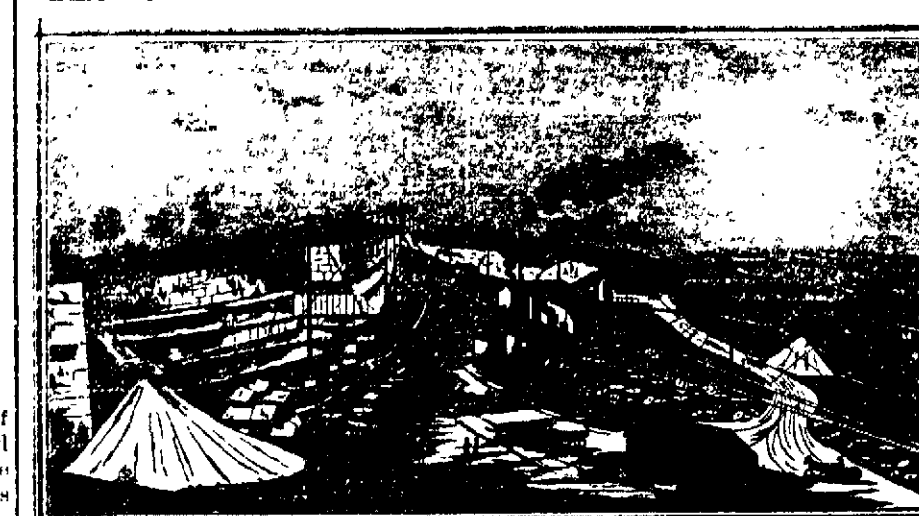
Musical Instruments, Etc.

COLEMAN'S 5 Erie Street

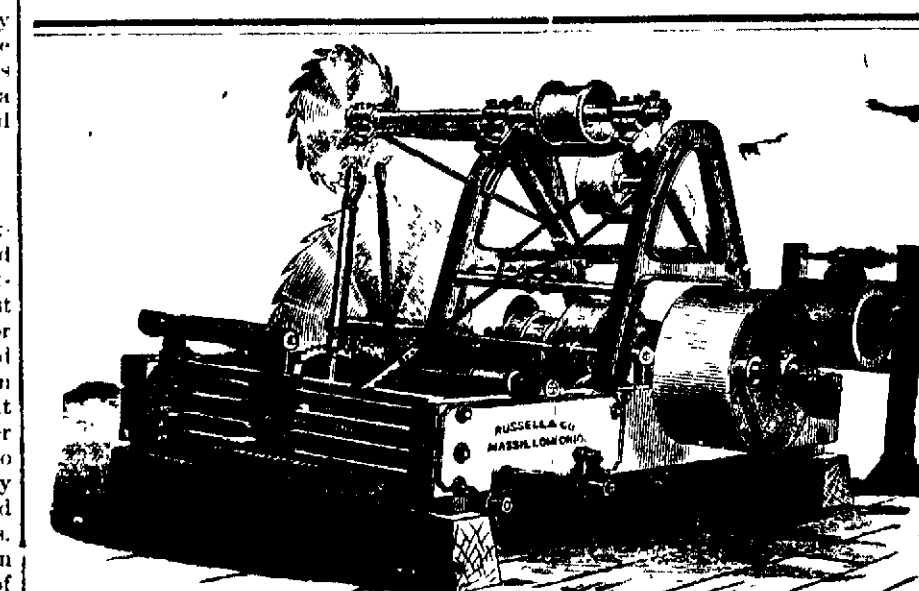


People who want the News while it is News look for it in "The Independent."

THE MASSILLON QUARRIES WARTHORST & C.



Manufactures of Grindstones for Wet and Dry Grinding. Block and Dimension Stone. Superior Sand washed and dry ground, for Glass works, and Steel and Rolling Mills.



RUSSELL & CO'S HEAVY DOUBLE MILL.

(SPECIFICATIONS E.) The Best Mill for the Money ever offered.

CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST describing our Engines, Thrashers and other

RUSSELL & CO., Massillon, Ohio.

THE MARKETS.

Produce, Nov. 14.
EGGS—Strictly fresh, Pennsylvania and Ohio, in cases, 24/25c, strictly fresh Western, 20/21c; cold storage, 20/21c; solution, 18/19c.
HITTER—Elgin creamery, 23/24c; Ohio fancy creamery, 20/21c; fancy country roll, 18/19c; low grade and cooking, 15/16c.
CHEESE—Ohio finest new, 11/12c; New York, 12/13c; fancy new Ohio Swiss, 10/11c; Elmer, new made, 13/14c; new Wisconsin Swiss, 10/11c.
POULTRY—Large live chickens, 60/65c per pair, live chickens, small, 30/35c; spring chickens, 35/40c; ducks, 40/45c per pair, 30/35c; turkeys, 80/90c per lb. Dressed—Chickens, 10/11c per lb. spring chickens, 11/12c per lb. turkeys, 13/14c per lb.
WHEAT—No. 1 red, 60/61c; No. 2 new, 58/59c.
CORN—No. 3 yellow ear, 45/46c; new No. 2, 42/43c; high mixed ear, 42/43c; No. 2 yellow, 42/43c; high mixed, 42/43c.
OATS—No. 1 white, 30/31c; No. 2 white, 28/29c; extra No. 3 white, 27/28c; mixed, 25/26c.
RYE—No. 1 Western, 50/51c; No. 2 Western, 48/49c.
FLOUR—Jobbers' prices—Fancy winter patents, 4.00/4.25; fancy spring patents, 3.75/4.00; fancy straight winter, 3.40/3.75; clear winter, 3.10/3.40; straight XXX bakers, 2.80/3.10; No. 1 flour, 2.50/2.80; buckwheat flour, 2.50/2.80.
HAY—Choice timothy, \$1.60/1.80; No. 1 timothy, \$1.30/1.50; No. 2 timothy, \$1.00/1.20; mixed clover and timothy, \$1.00/1.20; packing, \$0.90/1.00; No. 1 feeding grade, \$0.80/0.90; No. 2 do, \$0.70/0.80; wagon hay, \$1.00/1.20.
EAST LIBERTY, Pa. Nov. 14.
CATTLE—Receipts fair, demand fair and market steady. Prime, \$4.00/4.25; good, \$3.75/4.00; fair, \$3.50/3.75; rough, \$3.25/3.50; fat cows and heifers, \$2.50/2.75; bulls and stags, \$2.00/2.20; Indiana cows, \$2.00/2.20; fresh cows and springers, \$2.00/2.20.
HOGS—Receipts the past week have been fair and fully equal to the demand, and market has been dull with prices lower. Today's supply light and quality poor, market is slow at about yesterday's prices. Prime Philadelphia, \$8.50/8.75; best mixed, \$8.00/8.25; best heavy Yorkers, \$8.00/8.25; best light Yorkers, \$7.50/7.75; grassers, \$7.50/7.75; common to best pigs, \$7.25/7.50; roughs, \$6.50/6.75.
SHEEP—Supply light; demand light and market very slow and lower. Extra, \$3.00/3.25; good, \$2.50/2.75; fair, \$1.75/2.00; common, \$1.50/1.75; yearlings, \$2.00/2.25; spring lambs, \$2.00/2.25; veal calves, \$3.50/3.75; heavy and thin calves, \$2.50/3.00.
The Massillon Markets.
The following prices are being paid in the Massillon markets for grain and produce on this date, November 9, 1923.
GRAIN MARKET.
Wheat, per bushel, 92-95c
Rye, per bushel, 40-45c
Oats, 32-35c
Corn, 40-45c
Soybeans, 10-12c
Flax seed, 1.00-1.10
Clover seed, \$1.00-\$1.50
Timothy seed, \$1.75-\$2.00
Bran, per 100 lbs., 7-10c
 Middlings, per 100 lbs., 7-10c
Hay
PRODUCE.
Choice butter per pound, 14-15c
Eggs per dozen, 17-18c
Lard per pound, 10-11c
Beans per pound, 8-10c
Shoulders, 10-12c
Sides, 10-12c
Cheese per pound, 11-12c
White Beans per bushel, 11-12c
Potatoes, 7-10c
Onions, 10-12c
Apples, 10-12c
Evaporated Apples, choice, 15-20c
Dried Peaches, peeled, 12-15c
Dried Peaches, unpeeled, 4-5c
Salt per barrel, \$1.10-\$1.20

MARRIAGE.
Married persons or young men contemplating marriage, aware of physical weakness, loss of procreative powers, impotency or any other disqualifications, speedily relieved. Those who place themselves under the care of Drs. France and Ottman have acquired a world wide reputation and have had many happy marriages in hospital and private practice. There is no subject that requires so much study and experience as the treatment and cure of chronic diseases. The astounding success and remarkable cures performed by them are due to the long study of the constitution of man and the cure of diseases by natural remedies. Let the given up by others call for examination.
DR. OTTMAN
Formerly of New York, now the celebrated examining physician of the France Medical and Surgical Institute, Columbus, Ohio, by request of many friends and patients, have decided to visit Massillon, Wednesday, Nov. 22. Consultation and examination free and strictly confidential in the private parlor of the Conrad Hotel, one day only.
Rheumatism Cured in a Day
"Ystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose gratefully benefits, 75c. Sold by Morgenthaler & Heister's druggist, Massillon O.
Are your children subject to croup?
If so, you should never be without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a certain cure for croup, and has never been known to fail. If given freely as soon as the croupy cough appears it will prevent the attack. It is the sole reliance with thousands of mothers who have croupy children, and never disappoints them. The cure is no danger in giving this remedy in large and frequent doses, as it contains nothing injurious. 50 cent bottles for sale by Morgenthaler & Heister.
\$100 Reward, \$100.
The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Kobbed in The Rookery.
CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—J. O. Drake, treasurer of the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa R. R. was assaulted this morning, in his office in the Rookery building. He was robbed of thousands of dollars.

Self Praise.
Self praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he says is supported by the testimony of others no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that Alcock's Porous Plasters are the only genuine and reliable porous plasters, made in self praise in the slightest degree. They have at the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the cures they have effected and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used them.
Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Alcock's, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.
ASTONISHING FACT.
Suggested by Competitively P. v.
Things that embody the most truth are frequently among the last to be realized. Incredible as it may seem, one in four has a diseased heart, the early symptoms of which are, short breath, oppression, faint and hungry spells, fluttering, pain in left side, smothering, swollen ankles, drowsy, wind in stomach, etc. Levi Logan, Buchanan, Mich., suffered from heart disease thirty years. Two bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cured him. "The effects of your New Heart Cure is wonderful."—Mrs. Eva Dresser, McGregor, Ia. This favorite remedy is sold by Z. T. Baitz on a guarantee. Get the doctor's book, "New and Startling Facts," free.
I used Ely's Cream Balm for dry catarrh. It proved a cure.—B. F. M. Weeks, Denver.
Ely's Cream Balm is especially adapted as a remedy for catarrh which is aggravated by alkaline dust and dry winds.—W. A. Hover, druggist, Denver.
I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all sufferers from dry catarrh from personal experience.—Michael Herr, pharmacist, Denver.
Ely's Cream Balm has cured many cases of catarrh. It is in constant demand.—Geo. W. Hoyt, Cheyenne, Wyo.
SEVENTY-FIVE CONVULSIONS.
A Thrilling Experience.
There is no one but at some period in life has an experience that stands out prominently beyond all others. Such is the case of John B. Collins of Romeo, Mich., who says: "From September to January, before using Nervine, I had at least seventy-five convulsions. After three months use I have no more attacks." Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine also cures nervous prostration, headache, poor memory, dizziness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, etc., and builds up the body. Mrs. J. R. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., and J. R. Taylor, of Loganport, Ind., each gained 20 pounds of flesh by taking it. Sold by Z. T. Baitz on a guarantee. Get the doctor's book, free.
Is Your Tongue Coated.
Your throat dry, and do you feel mean generally when you get up in the morning? Your liver and kidneys are not doing their duty. Why don't you take Parks' Sure Cure. If it does not make you feel better it costs you nothing. Only guaranteed cure. For sale by Morgenthaler & Heister.

SHILOH'S CURE.
SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
DO YOU COUGH
KEMP'S BALM
CHAMBERLAIN'S EYE AND SKIN OINTMENT
PILES ITCHING PILES
SALESMEN WANTED

SPECIAL NOTICE TO INVALIDS.
Why will you suffer longer from Chronic Female Troubles as long-standing diseases, when
Mrs. Dr. Harkey-Adams
Mrs. Dr. Harkey-Adams
Cures
After all others fail
MASSILLON, O., Monday, Nov. 20.
OFFICE—Hotel Conrad.
Canton, November 18 and 19.
OFFICE—Hotel Barnett.
NEWARK, OHIO.

B. & B. Well-Dressed AND At Small Cost.
Everybody notices a well dressed woman. There is a great difference in taste and in methods of dressing. There's just as much variance in Styles, quality and
PRICE OF DRY GOODS
And this subject interests every woman who reads this paper and it interests you. If you have any Dry Goods to buy, this month, next month, or any time, you just write us for samples; look them over; compare the prices and see if you do not find out, and at once, that you can buy your Dress Goods in these stores for so much Less Money than most places you know of; that it will pay you to trade here all the time. Try it and see for yourself. 50 PIECES
Wool Mixed Tricots
Navy Blue only; 50 inches wide 20 CENTS.
Suitable for Misses' school dresses and Women's house gowns.
Lot 38 inch, all wool, Striped Suitings for Misses' dresses, 25 CENTS a yard, and you save half the price.
Choice line 42 inch, plain Camels' Hair in line of colors, 50 CENTS.
20 pieces all wool Imported
Damasse Serges
38 inches wide, choice colors, 50 CENTS.
Were made to sell for \$1.00 a yard.
Everything in Autumn and Winter Wraps at prices that will interest and profit you.
And don't forget our Illustrated Catalogue and Fashion Journal.
If you have not received a copy, write us at once
BOGGS & BUHL,
117, 119, 121 Federal St., ALLEGHENY, PA.
JAPANESE PILE CURE
A new and Complete Treatment, consisting of Suppositories, Ointment in capsules, also in Box a positive Cure for External, Internal, Blind or Bleeding Itching, Chronic, Recurrent Hereditary Piles, and many other diseases and female weaknesses; it is always a great benefit to the general health. The first discovery of a medical cure rendering an operation with the knife unnecessary hereafter. This Remedy has never been known to fail. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5; sent by mail. Why suffer from this terrible disease when a sure guarantee is positively given with 6 boxes, to refund the money if not cured. Send stamp for free Sample. Guarantee issued only by J. J. Schuckers sole agents, corner Main and Mill Sts., Massillon O.

No Money Required of Responsible Parties to Commence Treatment.
DOCTOR OTTMAN.
Formerly of New York, now of THE FRANCE MEDICAL and SURGICAL INSTITUTE, Columbus, O., by request of many patients and friends has decided to visit
Massillon, Wednesday, Nov. 22nd
Consultation and Examination Free and Strictly Confidential in the Private Parlor of the Conrad Hotel, one day only.
The Doctors describe the different diseases better than the sick can themselves. It is a wonderful gift for any one to possess. Their diagnostic powers have created wonders throughout the Country.
The Electropathic Treatment for all forms of Female Diseases, and the treatment of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood and Errors of Youth, is recognized to be the most successful method ever discovered as used by Drs. France & Ottman.
DR. OTTMAN, TREAS. FRANCE
FRANCE MEDICAL and SURGICAL INSTITUTE, 38 and 40 W. Gay St., one block north of State House, Columbus, O., Incorporated 1888. Capital \$300,000.
Drs. France and OTTMAN, of New York, the eminent Specialists, on account of their large practice in Ohio, have established the France Medical Institute, where all diseases will be successfully treated on the most Scientific Principles. The Institute has for its faculty a corps of recognized specialists, each eminent in his profession. Their long experience in the largest hospitals in the world enables them to successfully treat all forms of Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases, also Diseases of the Eye and Ear.
IMPORTANT TO LADIES—Drs. France and Ottman, after years of experience, have discovered the greatest cure known for all diseases peculiar to the sex. Female diseases positively cured by the new remedy, Olive Blossom. The cure is effected by home treatment. Entirely harmless and easily applied. Consultation and correspondence Free and Strictly Confidential.
They have attained the most wonderful success in the treatment of Catarrh, stomach, Kidney, Bladder, Nervous, Chronic and Special Diseases of men and women. Drs. France and Ottman after years of experience have perfected the most infallible method of curing Vital Drain in Urine, Nocturnal Losses, Impaired Memory, Weak Back, Melancholia, Want of Energy, Premature Decline of the Many Powers—those terrible disorders arising from various causes of youth, blighting the most radiant hopes, rendering marriage unhappy, annually sweeping to an untimely grave, thousands of exalted talent and brilliant intellect. A Perfect Restoration Guaranteed. Bring sample of urine for chemical and microscopical examination. Cases and correspondence confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of the U. S. List of 128 questions free. Address with postage, DR. FRANCE, Columbus, Ohio.

Receiver's BANKRUPT Stock

\$45,000 Worth of FINE CLOTHING

Consisting of Men's Boys and Children's Suits, Overcoats and Pants,
TO BE SOLD AT HALF PRICE.

Commencing Positively Saturday, Nov. 18th

And continuing for 20 days, in Opera Block, 15-17 S. Erie St., Massillon, O.

By order of the court, the entire stock of one of the largest clothing manufacturers in the country, who failed through depression in business, has been removed to 15 and 17 South Erie street, Opera House Block, to be sold at once for the benefit of creditors. Car load after car load of this great stock is daily being delivered and put in shape for the **Great Opening Day, Saturday, Nov. 18th.** This store is fast filling with Thousands of Bargains in Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing. It will pay you to wait, for never before have you had such a big stock to select from, of Good and Well Made Clothing, at a Small Price.

Read this List Carefully, and Bring it with you for Comparison.

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Good Working Suits, Ulsters or Overcoats, worth \$8, to be sold at	\$2 33
Elysium Fur Beaver Overcoats, worth \$9, to be sold at	3.87
Good Business Suits, worth \$10, must be sold by the receiver	3.99
Nice Dress suits in sacks and frocks, worth \$15, will be sacrificed at	5.67
Overcoats in Edwards Victoria, Chinchillas, Fur Beavers, Meltons, Kerseys and Montanac, worth from \$15 to \$25, will be sold at	\$7, \$8 and 12.50
Men's Extra Strong Jean Pants, sold everywhere for \$1.25 to \$1.50, with us	.79
Men's Strong Working Pants, worth \$2	.83
500 Pairs Stylish Tailor Made Pants, worth from \$2.50 to \$7, will sell from	\$1.16 to 3.50
Men's Overalls and Jackets, Extra Blue Denim, regular 75c goods, now at	.43

Boys' Clothing Department. Children's Clothing Department.

2000 Knee Pants, sold elsewhere at 50c, with us	15c
1000 Knee Pants, sold elsewhere at 75c, with us	37c
300 Suits (Knee Pants), sold elsewhere at \$2, with us	85c
250 Boys' Suits, worth from \$2.50 to \$6.00, with us from	\$1.25 to \$2.75

There are many more bargains we would like to mention, but space will not permit it, but you will see when this sale takes place that good clothing is actually sacrificed.

WAIT! WAIT! WAIT!
REMEMBER THE DATE: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18th.

Opera House Block, 15-17 South Erie Street, Massillon, O.